

June 2, 1940



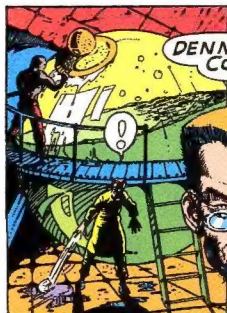
SOMEWHERE IN THE CROOKED NARROW ALLEYS THAT THREAD LIKE GREY VEINS THROUGH THE DARK HEART OF CHINATOWN, A FIGURE DARTS FROM SHADOW TO SHADOW. ....

DOWN THROUGH A MAN-HOLE IN A GUTTER. ....

AND AT LAST. . .

MORE CHLORINE, LEENG, HURRY!... IT'S READY!! HA-HA-HA!

THE GAME'S UP, DR. COBRA I'M TAKING YOU IN!



ALWAYS THE POLICE EENTERFERE WITH MY EXPERIMENTS! SOME DAY THEY WILL BOW DOWN BEFORE ME!

COME DOWN, YOU !!

SUDDENLY.

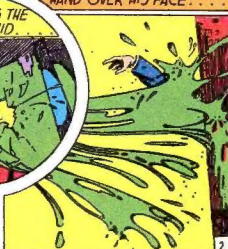
AGILELY, WITH THE SPEED OF A PANTHER, DR. COBRA LEADS. . .

CLAW-LIKE FINGERS CLOSE ABOUT DENNY'S FACE... OFF BALANCE, HE IS HURLED AGAINST THE WALL... HE FIRES BLINDLY.

WITH A DEAFENING HISS, THE LIQUID GUSHES OUT IN AN EXPLODING STREAM! DENNY IS CAUGHT IN IT... INSTINCTIVELY, HE THROWS HIS HAND OVER HIS FACE. . .

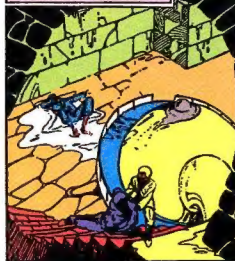


...SMASHING THE VAT OF LIQUID





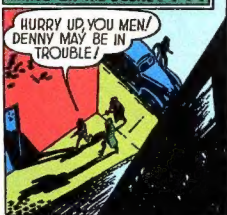
DRENCHED IN THE LIQUID, DENNY SINKS TO THE FLOOR... DR. COBRA DRAGS HIS AIDE OUT THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE...



AND BEHIND THEM, DIMLY OUTLINED BY THE STRANGE LIGHT CAST BY THE EQUALLY STRANGE CHEMICAL, THE BODY OF DENNY COLT LIES RIGID... UNMOVING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, A SIREN SHATTERS THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT AS DOLAN AND HIS MEN ARRIVE ON THE SCENE...



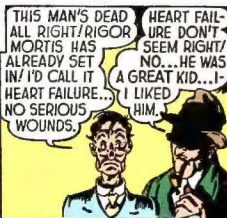
HURRY UP, YOU MEN! DENNY MAY BE IN TROUBLE!



THERE'S BEEN A SCRAP! LOOK!! THAT'S DENNY LYING IN THE POOL OF WATER!



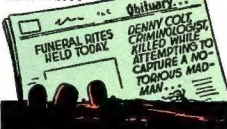
DEAD! GET THE CORONER, KELLY!



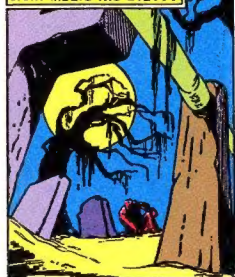
THIS MAN'S DEAD ALL RIGHT! RIGOR MORTIS HAS ALREADY SET IN! I'D CALL IT HEART FAILURE... NO SERIOUS WOUNDS.

HEART FAILURE DON'T SEEM RIGHT! NO... HE WAS A GREAT KID... I LIKED HIM.

NEXT DAY...



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, IN A SUB-URBAN CEMETERY, A FANTASTIC SIGHT MEETS THE EYE...

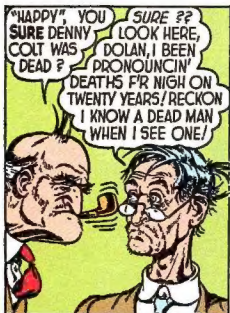


AN HOUR LATER AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, IN COM-MISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE...



HEY! HOW'D YOU GET IN?

KEEP YOUR SEAT, COMMISSIONER, AND I'LL DO THE TALKING! DON'T REACH FOR THAT GUN... THAT'S RIGHT, JUST SIT BACK AND LISTEN!





THE SPIRIT FOLLOWS THEM INTO THE HALF-LIT TOMB. HE DOES NOT NOTICE ANOTHER FIGURE SLIP IN SILENTLY BEHIND HIM...

I AM THE SPIRIT OF GOOD... BUT I CAN ALSO BE THE SPIRIT OF EVIL, SO...

TELL ME, WHERE IS DR. COBRA HIDING?

I DON'T KNOW... I SWEAR I DON'T!

I DON'T KNOW, HONEST!

YOU'RE LYING! BOTH OF YOU! NOW, LISTEN TO ME, YOU RATS! WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE, THE SPIRIT WILL GET DR. COBRA WHEREVER HE IS... NOW, BEAT IT!

HA-HA-HA!!  
LOOK AT THEM RUN!

AT THE SOUND OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S VOICE, THE SPIRIT TURNS. THE LIGHT FALLS FULL ON HIM, REVEALING HIS FACE!

DENNY COLT-ALIVE!!

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED YOUR VOICE BACK IN MY OFFICE... CAME DOWN HERE ON A HUNCH TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE DEAD!

OFFICIALLY I'M DEAD! BUT REALLY, AS YOU SEE, I'M QUITE ALIVE!

WHEN I TRIED TO CAPTURE COBRA, THE VAT WITH SOME CHEMICALS IN IT SMASHED! I WAS PUT IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION! BELIEVING ME DEAD, YOU FELLOWS BURIED ME... I CAME TO SEVERAL HOURS LATER AND BROKE OUT OF MY GRAVE!

BUT WHY THIS 'SPIRIT' BUSINESS?

NO TIME FOR A LOT OF EXPLAINING! I'VE WORK TO DO!

COME ON, DOLAN! THOSE TWO RATS WILL RUN RIGHT TO COBRA AND WARN HIM!

OH, I GET IT... A RUSE! THEY'LL LEAD US RIGHT TO HIM! YOU MAY BE DEAD BUT BY GOSH, YOU'RE STILL A GOOD COP!

OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO THE WATERFRONT... A FOG ROLLING IN FROM THE SEA BLANKETS THE NIGHT, SHROUDING IN A CLOAK OF GREY MIST THE EVIL THAT LURKS UNDER THE QUAYS.



SOON THEIR VIGIL IS REWARD  
ED... THE SPIRIT CLIMBS VERY  
SLOWLY DOWN THE WATER-  
LOGGED LADDER UNDER  
THE DOCK...



SUDDENLY...



MEANWHILE, DR. COBRA PLANS A  
HASTY DEPARTURE...





RELENTLESSLY, THE SPIRIT FOLLOWS COBRA...



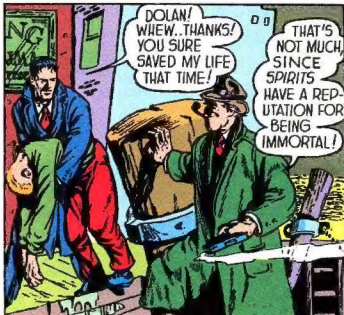
AT A TURN, COBRA WHIRLS SHARPLY...



NIMBLY, HE SWINGS TO A LEDGE OVER THE PATH...



I AM WAITING, MR. SPIRIT!



BUT HOW ABOUT FOOD, MONEY? WHERE'LL YOU LIVE?



AND LIKE A PHANTOM, THE SPIRIT FADES INTO THE DARKNESS...



A MOMENT LATER, AN OFFICER POUNDS UP...



June 9, 1940



# The SPIRIT

BY Will EISNER

RIGHT... A TAXI RATTLES ACROSS LONELY WILDWOOD CEMETERY ROAD...



I SAY, DRIVER, MUST YOU GO SO FAST ALONG HERE?



SORRY, BOSS, DIS CAR JES' NACHELLY SPEEDS UP WHEN AH DRIVES PAST WILDWOOD CEMETERY!

ON THE ROAD AHEAD A LITHE FIGURE DANGLES FROM A LIMB, SUSPENDED ONLY BY HIS TOES.



AS THE TAXI ZOOMS UNDER THE LIMB HIS HANDS DEFTLY GRASP THE WINDSHIELD...



AND

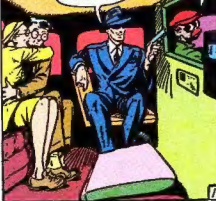


WITH NO APPARENT EFFORT HE SWINGS FEET FIRST INTO THE CAB.



PARDON THE INTRUSION, BUT I'M IN A HURRY!

YOU SEE, TAXIS DON'T OFTEN PASS THROUGH WILDWOOD CEMETERY... KEEP GOING UNTIL I TELL YOU TO STOP DRIVER!



Y... YASSUH (GULP) BOSS!





THE THREE SLIP PAST THE GUARDS AND CLAMBER DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE.



AT DR. COBRA'S HEADQUARTERS.



WITH AMAZING STRENGTH FOR ONE SO SMALL, DR. COBRA LIFTS THE THUG BY THE THROAT. . .



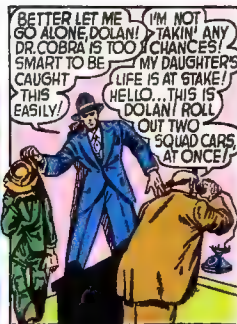
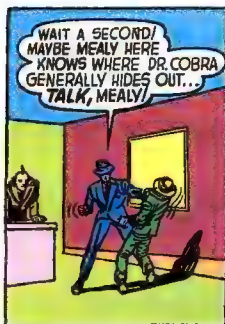
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO ANY MORE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU CAN OUTSMART ME!

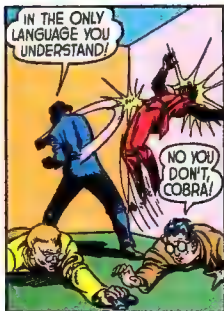


MEANWHILE, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.













WHEW!

A MOMENT LATER,  
THE SPIRIT DROPS  
LIGHTLY TO THE  
SIDEWALK JUST  
BEHIND THE  
FLEEING COBRA.

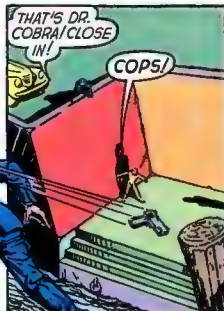


EMPTY!

CLICK!



BAH!



THAT'S DR.  
COBRA! CLOSE  
IN!

COPS!



STAY WHERE YOU  
ARE! I'VE GOT A  
BOMB! I'LL BLOW  
YOU ALL TO KINGDOM  
COME!

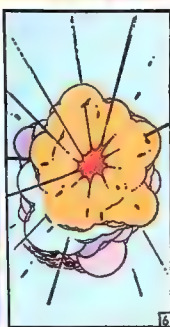
DROP  
THAT  
BOMB,  
COBRA!



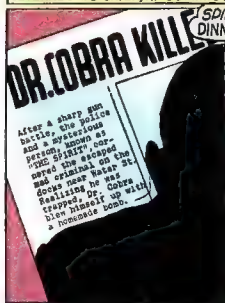
BANG!



A FAINT SMILE  
CROSSES HIS  
FACE AS HE  
PULLS THE CAP  
FROM THE  
GRENADE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AT COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S HOME...



"SPIRIT, I'VE INVITED YOU TO THIS LITTLE DINNER, FOR MY DAUGHTER IS ANNOUNCING HER ENGAGEMENT TO MR. HOMER CREEP!"

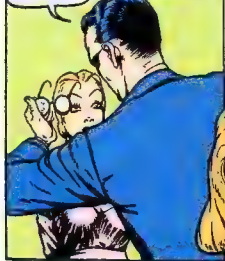


"INDEED? CONGRATULATIONS!"

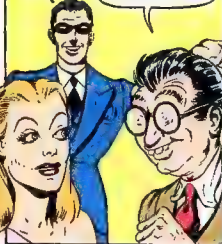
"AND AS MY GIFT, MAY I BE PERMITTED TO...ER... HA! HA! RENOVATE YOUR FIANCEE'S SURE, IF YOU DON'T CHANGE HER TOO MUCH!"



"NO, MERELY REMOVE THESE UGLY GLASSES AND LOOSEN HER HAIR!"



"AND PRESTO! I GIVE YOU A NEW ELLEN!"



"G-GOSH! YOU ARE BEEYOOTIFUL!"

"ER... AHM! NOW MAY I CLAIM MY REWARD?"



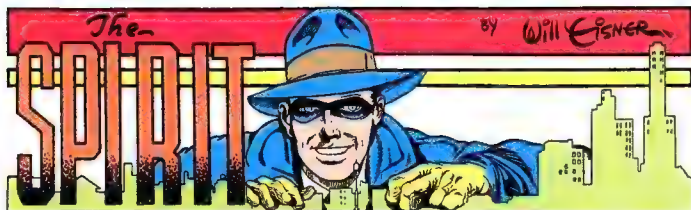
"AND NOW, GOOD NIGHT, EVERYONE... AND MAY YOU TWO BE VERY HAPPY!"



"OH, HOMER? PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME TO THINK OVER OUR ENGAGEMENT!"

THE SPIRIT AGAIN FOILS THE DENIZENS OF THE UNDERWORLD IN ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK!

June 16, 1940

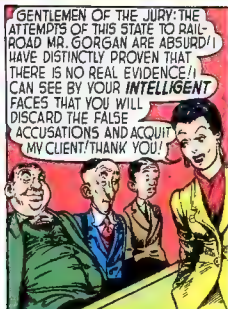


# LAST DAY OF SLOT GORGAN TRIAL

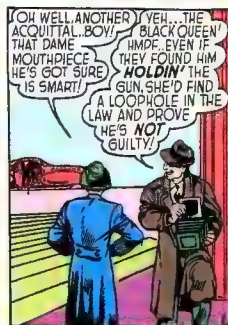
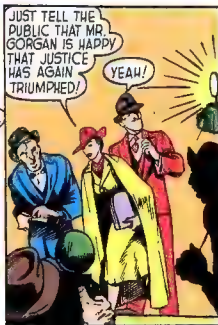
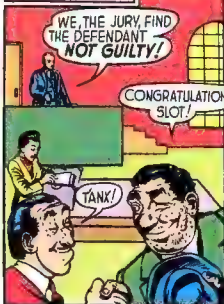
After one of the most sensational cases in the history of this city, the trial of the notorious gunman 'Slot' Gorgan goes to the jury today. Aply defended by his woman 'mouth-piece,' well-known as the 'Black Queen,' slot's chances are considered in most quarters to be 50-50 easily... The spectators were in veritable darkness as to the final outcome....

**SCHOOLS TO GET NO MORE FREE LUNCHESES.**

Due to a shortage ARE YOU SURE, MR. O'DAY? WOULD YOU SWEAR ON YOUR REPUTATION AS A CORONER THAT IT WAS MURDER?

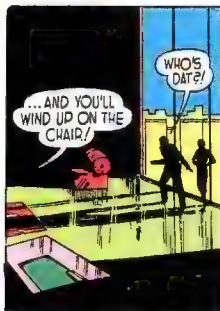
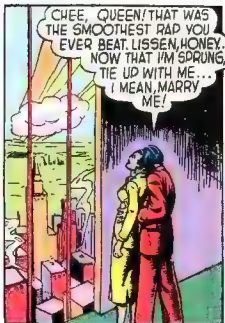


ONE HOUR LATER...

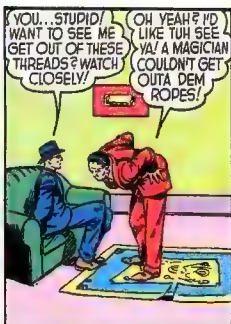




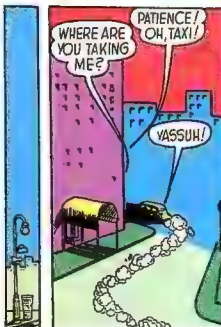
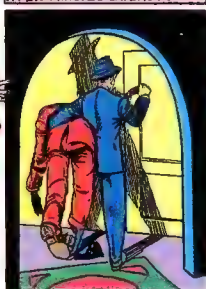
IN A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT  
ATOP A CITY SKYSCRAPER..



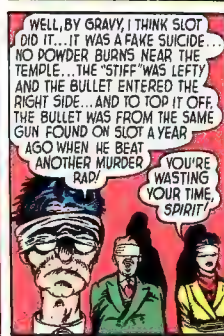
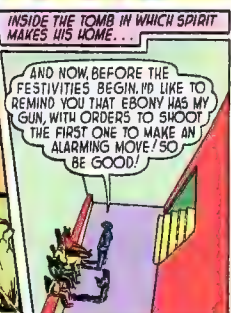
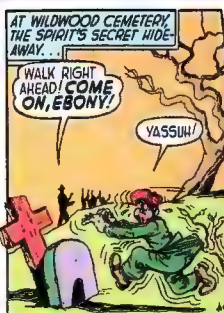
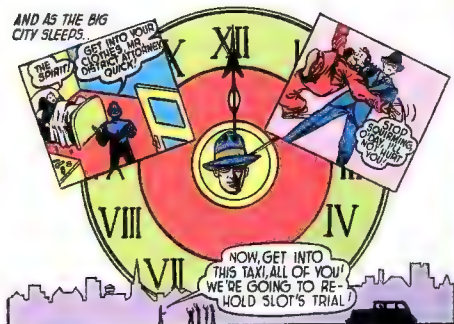
QUICKLY THE SPIRIT'S WRISTS ARE BOUND...



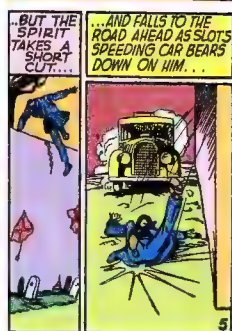
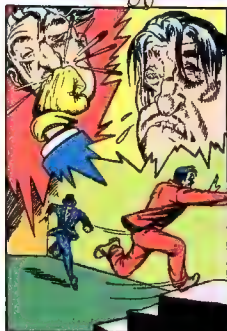
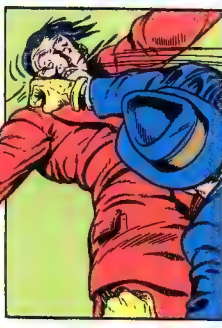
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

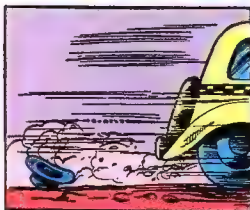
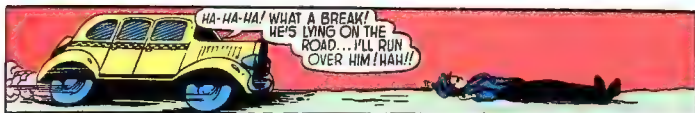


AND AS THE BIG CITY SLEEPS...

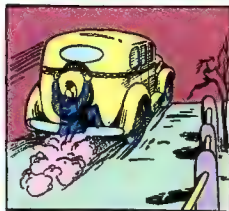








UNDERNEATH THE SPEED-  
ING CAR...



NEXT DAY...

**EXTRA! DAILY STAR**

**SLOT GORGAN REARRESTED**  
**NEW EVIDENCE TO HANG KILLER SAYS D.A.**

By Wire: Sensational Disclosures Today Reopened the Slot Gorgan Case

**D.A. THANKS SPIRIT FOR AID.**  
 (SPECIAL TO THIS PAPER)  
 On behalf of the citizens of this state, I wish to thank the man known as the SPIRIT, for his aid in securing Slot Gorgan's confession. Whoever you are, whatever is your purpose, you have aided justice. (Signed) Thomas K. Mervin, District Attorney

**SLOT GORGAN GIVES \$50,000 TO SCHOOL FUND.**  
 In a surprise move...

ONCE AGAIN THE CITY COURTROOM RINGS WITH THE NAME OF SLOT GORGAN...

DOES THE ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE WISH TO SAY ANYTHING BEFORE THE COURT PASSES SENTENCE?

I DO, YOUR HONOR! I ASK YOU TO LOOK AT MY CLIENT FOR A MOMENT AND CONSIDER HIM... A SAD, PENITENT, BROKEN MAN... BUT WHOSE **BASIC HONESTY MADE HIM REALIZE HIS WRONGS AND GIVE HIS FORTUNE TO A WORTHY CAUSE!** I ASK FOR LENIENCY IN HIS CASE!

IN VIEW OF YOUR PLEA, I WILL COMMUTE THE DEATH PENALTY TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

WELL, I'LL BE. SHE'S DONE IT AGAIN! SAVED HIM FROM DEATH!

HERE'S A GUY THAT ADMITS A KILLIN'! SO SHE MAKES HIM GIVE SO GRAND TO CHARITY, AND THE JUDGE GOES SOFT/SMART, EH, OLD-TIMER?

WHAT A LULU! THE BLACK QUEEN'S CLEVER AS SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!

WHAT? OH...YEAH! YEAH!

QUEEN, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR SAVIN' MY NECK AGAIN!

DON'T THANK ME, SLOT. THANK THE SPIRIT! HE MADE YOU CONTRIBUTE TO THE SCHOOL FUND!

AND OUTSIDE, AS THE CROWD BREAKS UP...

TAXI!

YASSUH, BOSS!

WHERE WE GOIN' NOW, MR. SPIRIT SUH?

HOME TO WILDWOOD CEMETERY, WHERE I CAN SPEND A PEACEFUL WEEK-END WITH THE DEAD!

...AND AS THE SETTING SUN CASTS LONG SHADOWS ACROSS THE ROAD, THE SPIRIT HEADS FOR HOME...

7

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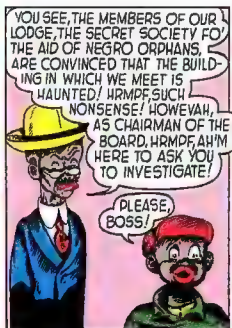
ANOTHER COMPLETE SPIRIT STORY NEXT WEEK!







YOU MUST EXCUSE US,  
MR. SPIRIT!

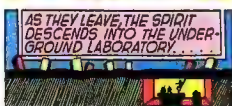


YOU SEE, THE MEMBERS OF OUR  
LODGE, THE SECRET SOCIETY FO'  
THE AID OF NEGRO ORPHANS,  
ARE CONVINCED THAT THE BUILD-  
ING IN WHICH WE MEET IS  
HAUNTED! HRMPF, SUCH  
NONSENSE! HOWEVERAH,  
AS CHAIRMAN OF THE  
BOARD, HRMPF, AH'M  
HERE TO ASK YOU  
TO INVESTIGATE!

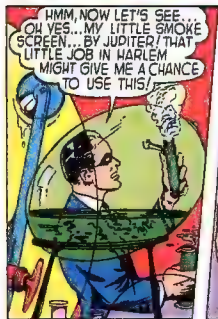
PLEASE,  
BOSS!



I'VE NO TIME FOR SUCH  
NONSENSE, BUT... OH, VERY  
WELL! I'LL DROP OVER AND  
"EXTERMINATE" YOUR  
GHOSTS! HA-HA!



AS THEY LEAVE, THE SPIRIT  
DESCENDS INTO THE UNDER-  
GROUND LABORATORY. ....



HMM, NOW LET'S SEE...  
OH YES... MY LITTLE SMOKE  
SCREEN... BY JUDITER! THAT  
LITTLE JOB IN HARLEM  
MIGHT GIVE ME A CHANCE  
TO USE THIS!

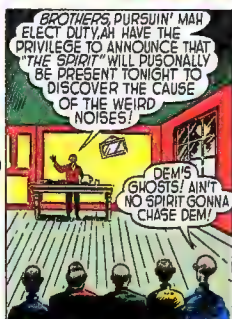


THESE  
CAPSULES  
OUGHT TO BE  
ENOUGH!



MEANWHILE, IN  
THE LODGE IN  
HARLEM, THE  
SECRET SOCI-  
ETY OPENS ITS  
WEEKLY MEET-  
ING...

OUR EXALTED  
CHAIRMAN,  
BROTHER RUFUS  
BLANDY, WILL  
OPEN THE  
MEETING!



BROTHERS, PURSUIN' MAH  
ELECT DUTY, AH HAVE THE  
PRIVILEGE TO ANNOUNCE THAT  
"THE SPIRIT" WILL PUSONALLY  
BE PRESENT TONIGHT TO  
DISCOVER THE CAUSE  
OF THE WEIRD  
NOISES!

DEM'S  
GHOSTS! AIN'T  
NO SPIRIT GONNA  
CHASE DEM!



NOW, WILL BROTHER  
HENNERY STOUT READ  
LAST WEEK'S  
MINUTES?

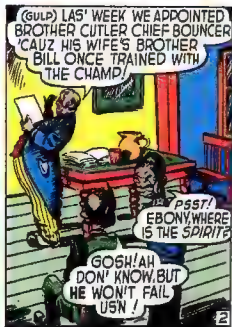
YASSUH,  
MIST'  
CHAIHMAN!



THUMP!  
THUMP!  
THUMP!

AH...?

IT'S COME  
AGIN!!

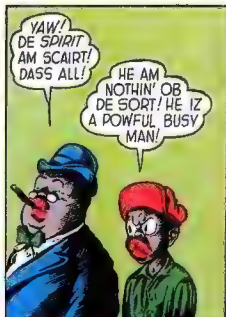
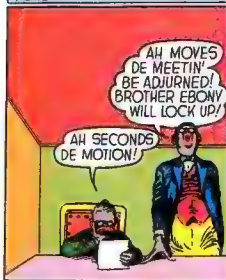


(GULP) LAS' WEEK WE APPOINTED  
BROTHER CUTLER CHIEF BOUNCER  
'CAUZ HIS WIFE'S BROTHER  
BILL ONCE TRAINED WITH  
THE CHAMP.

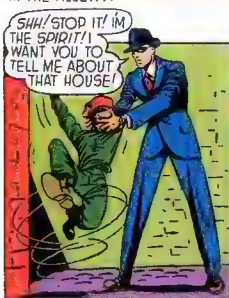
PSST!  
EBONY, WHERE  
IS THE SPIRIT?

GOSH! AH  
DON' KNOW, BUT  
HE WON'T FAIL  
USN!

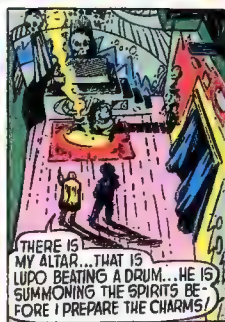
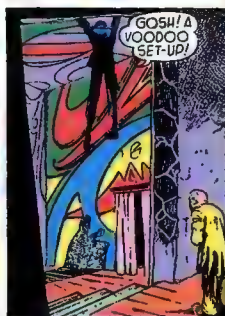
AND, AS THE MEETING CONTINUES,  
THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE SPIRIT.



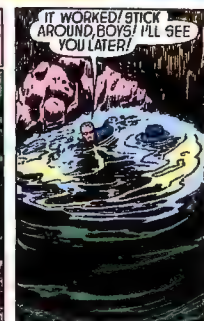
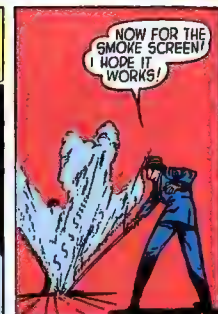
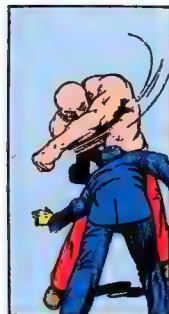
IN THE ALLEY...



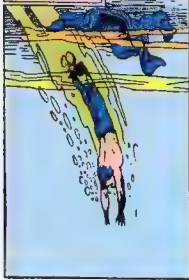




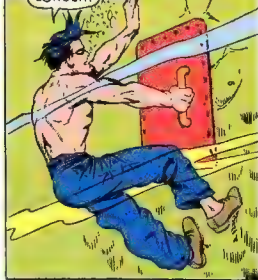
WHY THIS IS NOTHING BUT A RACKET... YOU CHARLATAN! STEALING PENNIES FROM THESE POOR FOLK WITH YOUR JUNK... I'M GOING TO WRECK THIS WHOLE SET-UP!



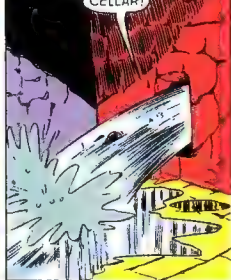
MEANWHILE, THE SPIRIT DIVES SEARCHING FOR AN OPENING IN THE TANK...



I... CAN'T... HOLD... MY BREATH... MUCH... LONGER!



AHH... THIS LEADS TO THE CELLAR!



NOW, I'VE GOT TO FIND A PHONE! MAYBE THE LODGE HAS ONE...



YOU'D THINK THEY HAD A FORTUNE IN HERE, THE WAY THEY LOCK UP THIS PLACE!

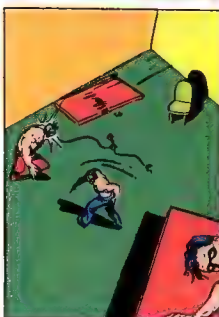


HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS? COMMISSIONER DOLAN? THIS IS THE SPIRIT. I'VE JUST UNCOVERED A VODOO RACKET UP HERE IN HARLEM... WHERE AM I??... TRACE THIS CALL IF YOU WANT TO KNOW! NO TIME TO GIVE DIRECTIONS!

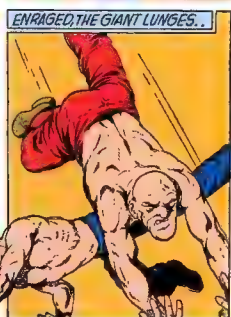


HA! THERE HE IS, CALLING THE COPS! GET HIM, LUDO, STOP HIM!

...AND BY THE WAY, YOU'D BETTER SEND UP AN AMBULANCE! A COUPLE OF GUYS ARE GOING TO NEED ONE! S'LONG!



ENRAGED, THE GIANT LUNGES...





AS THE GIANT RISES...



THE SPIRIT'S BLOWS HAVE LITTLE EFFECT...THE BRUTE SWINGS WILDLY...



THE VOICE SEEMS TO AWAKEN THE GIANT...BLOOD IN HIS EYES, HE TURNS ON HIS MASTER...



WITH EASE, THE GIANT WRENCHES THE PISTOL FROM HIS HAND...



..AND AS HE FLINGS IT AWAY, THE DAZED SPIRIT IS JUST RECOVERING FROM LUPO'S BLOW...



THE GIANT SINKS FLOORWARD, HIS STEEL HANDS STILL CLUTCHING HIS MASTER'S THROAT...



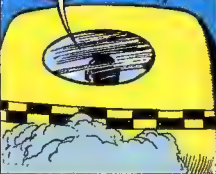
WHO ARE YOU?  
L(COUGH)...I'M HILLARY DALE...A FEW YEARS AGO, I WENT TO HAITI...ONE NIGHT, I SNEAKED INTO A VODOO CEREMONY...THE ONLY WHITE MAN EVER TO SEE IT! THEY CAUGHT ME...(GULP) TORTURED ME...LEFT FOR DEAD, I ESCAPED, CAME HERE WITH LUPO AND MADE USE OF MY KNOWLEDGE... I...OOOOOH!

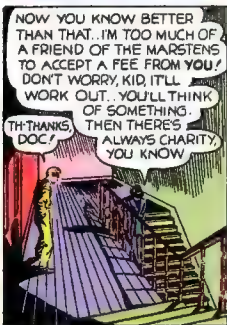
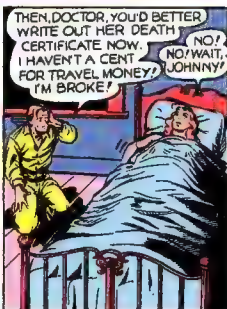
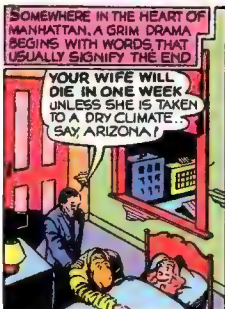


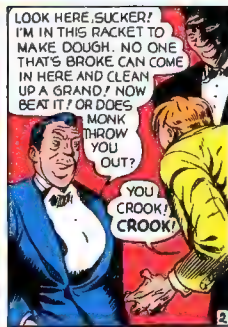
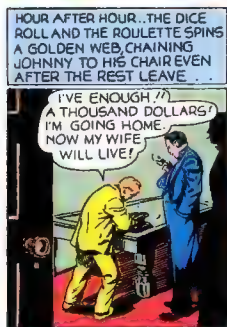
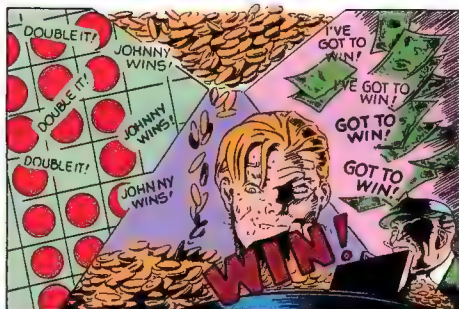
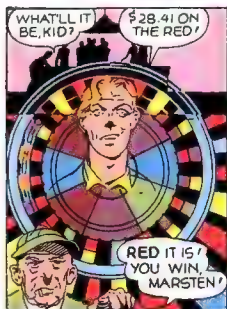
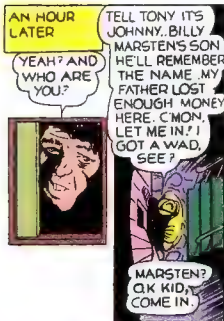
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



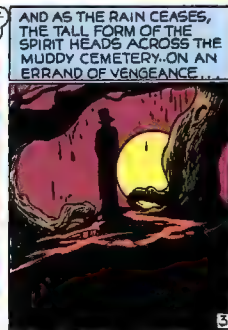
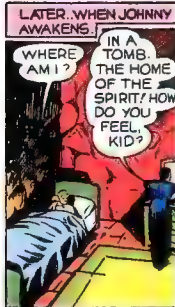
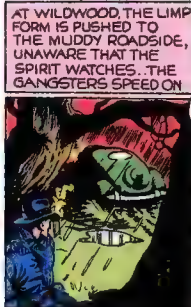
WELL, EBONY, THE 'GHOSTS' OF YOUR LODGE ARE DEAD! HM...I SHOULD HAVE TOLD DOLAN TO BRING A HEARSE... HURRY, EBONY, I'M COLD!  
YASSUH, MR. SPIRIT BOSS!











AT POLICE  
HEAD-  
QUARTERS

RRRING!

HELLO! WHO?  
THE SPIRIT?  
YEAH. WHAT?  
THE GAMBLING  
RACKET? TAKE  
MY ADVICE  
AND LAY OFF!

NO, I'M NOT SCARED, BUT  
THOSE GUYS HAVE  
INFLUENCE. BESIDES,  
EVERY TIME WE RAID  
THEM THEY JUST START  
SOMEWHERE ELSE.  
WHAT? OF COURSE I'D  
LIKE TO GET SOMETHING  
ON ONE OF 'EM! O.K.  
O.K. ... I HOPE  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING!

BATER



YEAH?  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

DON'T STRUGGLE!  
A LITTLE FRESH AIR

THE SPIRIT!  
OPEN UP!

WON'T  
HURT  
YOU!

A MASKED  
MAN!

HOLD-  
UP?

JUST CONTINUE  
WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING, LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN...  
I JUST WANT TO  
PLAY FARO!

DEAL, PAL!  
AND DEAL  
STRAIGHT!

YOU CLEANED US  
OUT. THE BANK  
IS BROKE!

AN  
HOUR  
PASSES

THE PILE  
OF CHIPS  
AND MONEY  
SHIFTS TO  
THE SPIRITS  
TABLE.

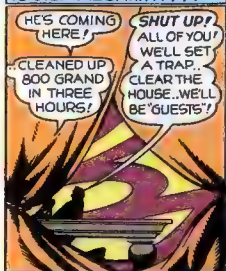
LEAVING A DUMBFOUNDED  
AUDIENCE. THE SPIRIT CALMLY  
WALKS OFF. HIS POCKETS  
BULGING WITH MONEY.

AMAZING!  
NEVER  
BEEN DONE  
BEFORE!

FIFTY  
THOUSAND!  
NOT BAD  
FOR A  
START!



AT TONY'S GAMBLING DEN, THE FRIGHTENED GAMBLERS MEET TO STOP THE SPIRIT . . . .



HE'S COMING HERE!

SHUT UP! ALL OF YOU! WE'LL SET A TRAP.. CLEAR THE HOUSE.. WE'LL BE "GUESTS"!



AH! COME IN, MR. SPIRIT!

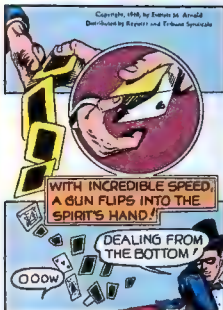
AS THE SPIRIT ENTERS "TONY'S" A GRIM SILENCE GREET'S HIM.

OH! A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!



THE BOYS AROUND TOWN TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY LUCKY.. LIKE TO PLAY WITH ME?

CERTAINLY! DEAL...



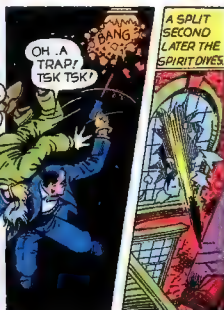
WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, A GUN FLIPS INTO THE SPIRIT'S HAND!

DEALING FROM THE BOTTOM!



WHY YOU. LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS!

I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE FOOL ENOUGH TO TRY A CROOKED GAME WITH ME!



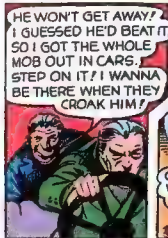
OH.. A TRAP! TSK TSK!

A SPLIT SECOND LATER THE SPIRIT DIES.



FOLLOW HIM!

HEY, BOSS! HE SWIPED ALL THE DOUGH!

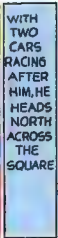


HE WON'T GET AWAY! I GUESSED HE'D BEAT IT, SO I GOT THE WHOLE MOB OUT IN CARS. STEP ON IT! I WANNA BE THERE WHEN THEY CROAK HIM!



THROUGH THE CITY STREETS THE SPIRIT RACES

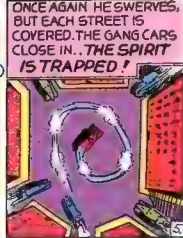
OH! OH! WAITING FOR ME!



WITH TWO CARS RACING AFTER HIM, HE HEADS NORTH ACROSS THE SQUARE

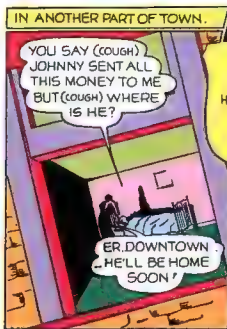
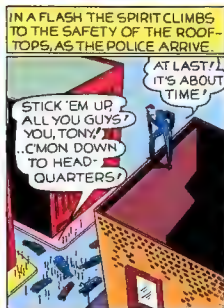
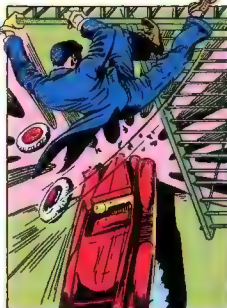
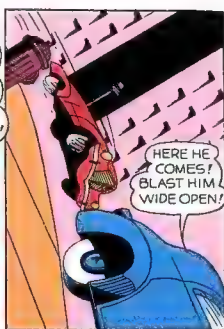
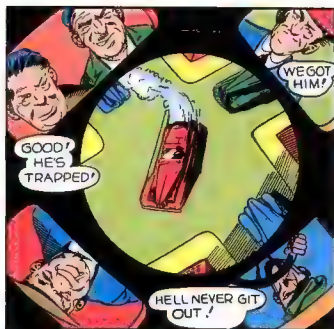


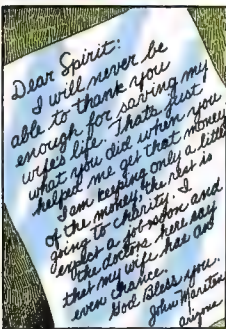
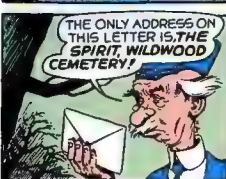
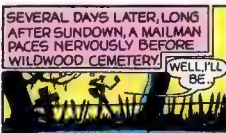
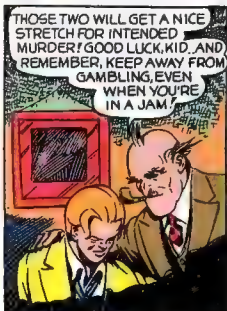
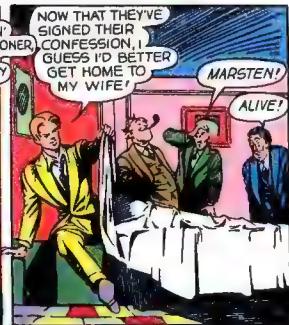
WHEN! ANOTHER!



ONCE AGAIN HE SWERVES, BUT EACH STREET IS COVERED. THE GANG CARS CLOSE IN.. THE SPIRIT IS TRAPPED!







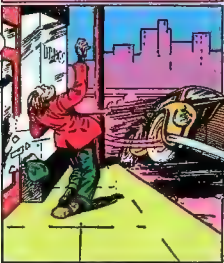


SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK CITY...

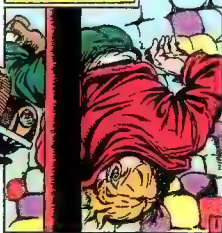
HULLO, COMMISSIONER DOLAN? DIS IS FINKY, DA STOOL... LISSSEN, I GOT A HOT TIP! SOMETHIN' DAT'LL MAKE MURDER AN' ROBBERY SEEM LIKE KINNEERGARTEN GAMES... I'M CALLIN' FROM A PAY BOOTH... YEAH, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER...



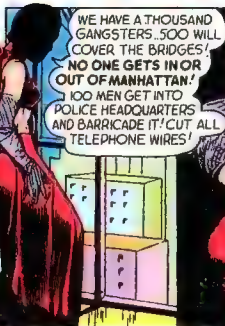
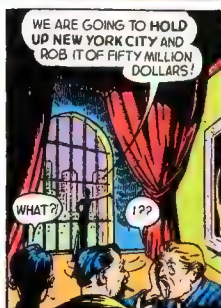
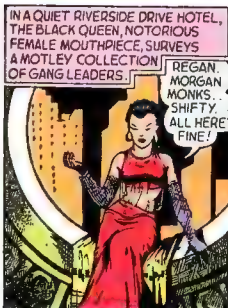
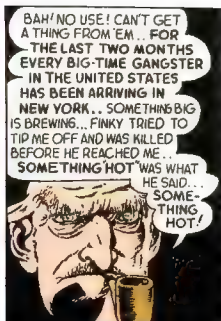
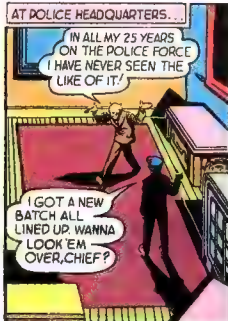
AS FINKY STEPS FROM THE STORE A CAR SNIWERVES AROUND THE CORNER... FROM ITS WINDOWS POURS A HAIL OF LEADEN DEATH...



AND WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF ITS APPEARANCE, THE MURDER CAR CAREENS OFF, LEAVING ONLY THE TWITCHING BODY OF FINKY THE STOOL, HUDDLED IN THE GUTTER...







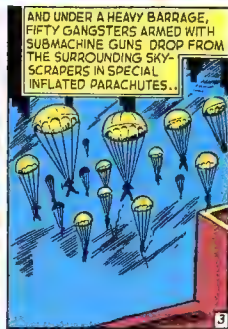
IN HIS HIDE-OUT IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, THE SPIRIT TINKERS WITH A STRANGE-LOOKING WINGED CAR.



SUDDENLY THE CAR'S RADIO BLARES FORTH A POLICE CALL.



WITH A POWERFUL ROAR, THE CAR ZOOMS FROM THE HANGAR, WHOSE CAMOUFLAGED DOORS CLOSE IT FROM VIEW...



PLUCKY GUARDS OPEN UP FROM THE SUB-TREASURY ROOF WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE...



A FEW SCREAMING GANGSTERS GO DOWN IN FLAMES...



BUT MOST OF THEM LAND ON THE ROOF AND CAPTURE THE BUILDING.



GET THE NITROGLYCERIN AND WORK ON THOSE VAULTS... WE'VE ONLY A FEW HOURS!



MEANWHILE... THE SPIRIT ROADS TOWARD NEW YORK

STOP! OR WE'LL BLAST YA!

GANGSTERS BLOCKING THE HIGHWAY... I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA!



THE CAR SUDDENLY SPROUTS WINGS

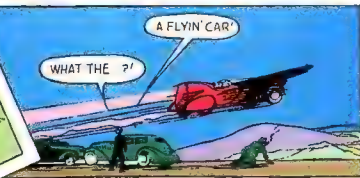


THE WINGS FOLD INWARD... THE HOOD SLIDES OVER RETRACTABLE PROPELLERS.



A FLYIN' CAR!

WHAT THE ?!



NEXT STOP, NEW YORK!



HELLO...DIS IS UNIT 2 CALLIN' THE BLACK QUEEN, EVERYTHINGS O.K. DOWN HERE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.... RIGHT...



LISSEN, PIKER, I'M GETTIN' SCARED!

YEH! LET'S PULL OUT! ONLY A HUNDRED O' US GUARDIN' THOSE COPS!

SUDDENLY A TALL FIGURE STANDS IN A WINDOW...

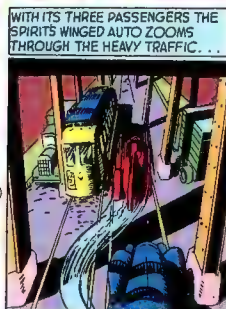
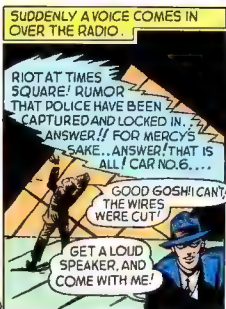


THE SPIRIT!! SHOOT!

BUT THE DARE DEVIL CRIME FIGHTER IS TOO QUICK, EVEN FOR GANG GUNS.







IN THE VAULTS OF THE SUB-TREASURY

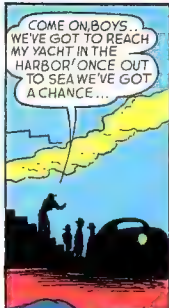
I THOUGHT I COULD CRACK A SAFE! BUT BOY, THESE ARE TOUGH BABIES!

SO WILL THE POLICE BE, WHEN THEY GET YOU!

SPIRIT!

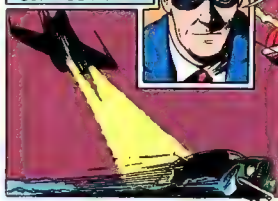
BUT BLACK QUEEN IS NOT TO BE CAUGHT.. SHE HURLS A GAS BOMB AT THE SPIRIT

SO LONG, SPIRIT!



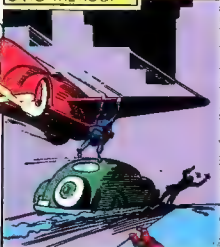
COME ON, BOYS... WE'VE GOT TO REACH MY YACHT IN THE HARBOR! ONCE OUT TO SEA WE'VE GOT A CHANCE...

BUT THIRTY FEET ABOVE THEM, VEERING LIKE A BAT BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS, FOLLOWS THE SPIRIT, HIS HEADLIGHTS PICKING OUT THE GANGSTERS



GOOD GOSH! THEY'RE RUNNING DOWN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN! TAKE THE CONTROLS, EBONY!

WITH THE EASE OF A SKILLED ACROBAT THE SPIRIT CLIMBS ACROSS THE WING AND DROPS ONTO THE ROOF



HELLO, PIKER! TAKE THIS!

BOSS! Y'DONE MISSED THE QUEEN SHE'S GOT AWAY!

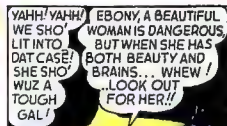
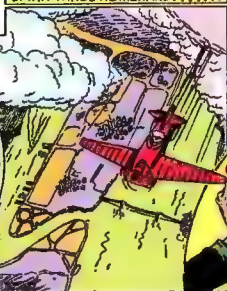
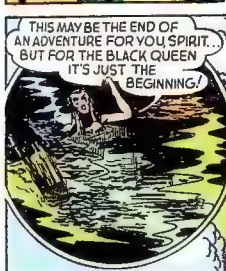
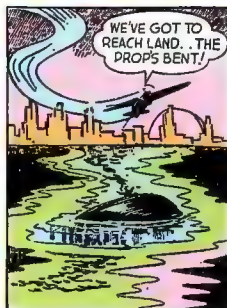
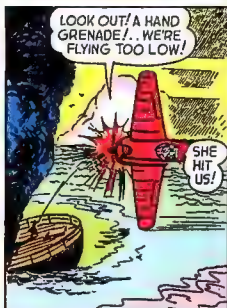
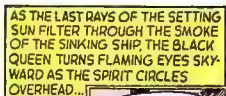
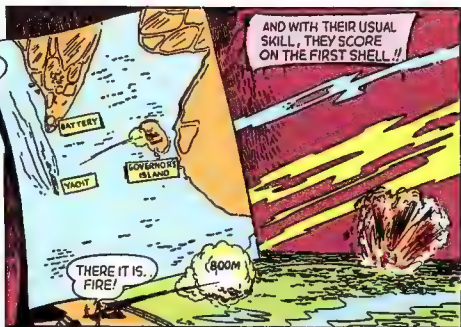
THE BLACK QUEEN MANAGES TO REACH HER YACHT, AND IS SPEEDING DOWN THE HARBOR...

...WITH THE DRIVER UNCONSCIOUS, THE CAR SWERVES AND CRASHES...

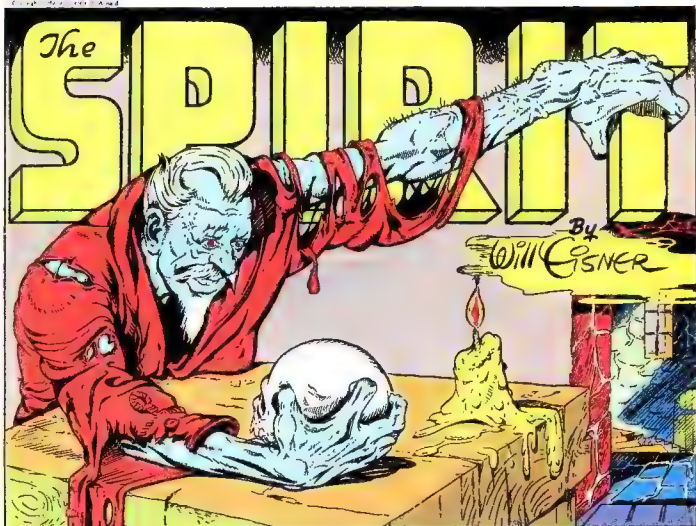


AS THE SPIRIT CLIMBS TO SAFETY AGAIN...

THERE SHE GOES WE CAN'T STOP HER NOW!







ONE NIGHT, A GLOVED HAND  
SOFTLY OPENS THE WINDOW  
OF THE COMMISSIONER'S  
PRIVATE OFFICE

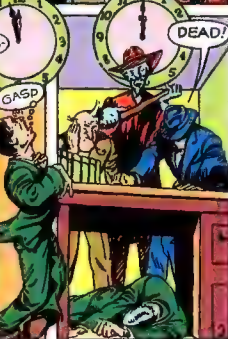
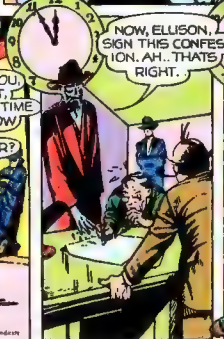
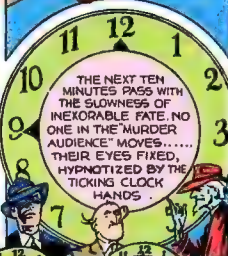
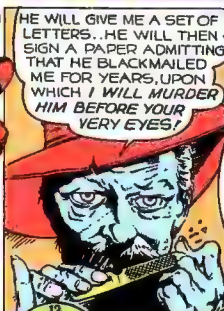
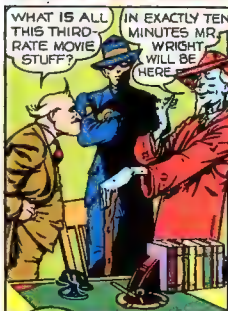
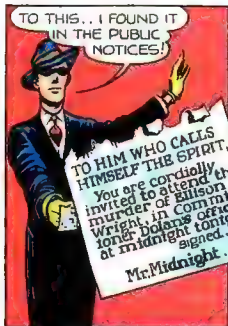
AND THE TALL, ATHLETIC  
FIGURE OF **THE SPIRIT**  
CALMLY STEPS INTO  
THE HALF LIGHT.

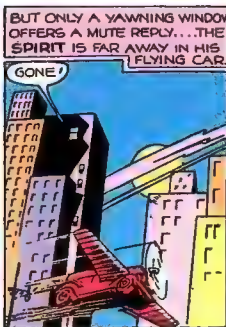
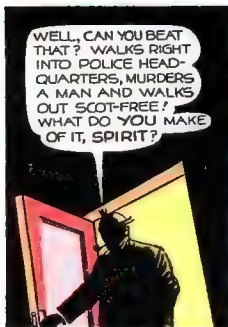
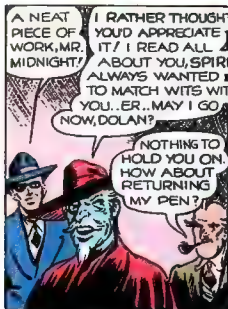
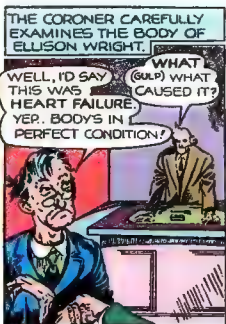
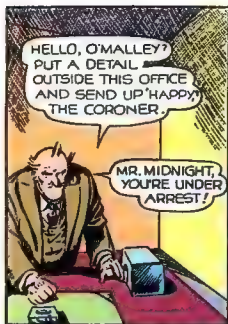
KNOWN ONLY TO  
COMMISSIONER DOLAN,  
**THE SPIRIT**, IN REALITY  
DENNY COLT, WHO ONCE WAS  
ERRONEOUSLY BURIED IN WILD-  
WOOD CEMETERY, NOW USES HIS  
TOMB AS A HEADQUARTERS FOR  
HIS ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST  
CRIME AND CRIMINALS EVEN  
BEYOND THE LONG ARM OF  
THE LAW. THEREFORE  
IT IS HARDLY SURPRISING  
THAT DOLAN  
DOES NOT START,  
WHEN.



GOOD  
EVENING,  
DOLAN

AND TO WHAT  
DO I OWE  
THIS VISIT??



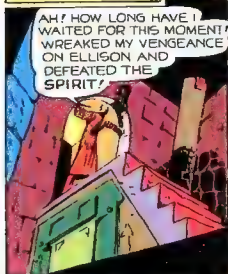




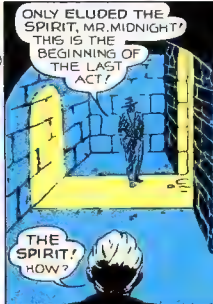
WITH THE DRAMA OF A RISING "LAST ACT" CURTAIN, DAWN PAINTS HESITATING STREAKS ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY, AS THE MOON RELUCTANTLY SEEKS REFUGE UNDER THE RETREATING NIGHT... ROARING UP THE NEGLECTED DRIVEWAY TO AN ANCIENT MANSION, MR. MIDNIGHT'S CAR COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT BEFORE THE PORCH...



UP DARK, WINDING STAIRS TO A HALF-LIT STUDY...



ONLY ELUDED THE SPIRIT, MR. MIDNIGHT! THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST ACT!



EASY, MR JOHN CALIBAN, ALIAS MR MIDNIGHT! EASY! AFTER I DISCOVERED THE TINY SCRATCH THAT DIDN'T BLEED.. MUD ON YOUR SHOES YOU SAID YOU CAME FROM THE COUNTRY AND I FOLLOWED YOU IN MY AUTOPLANE. GETTING IN WAS SIMPLE. YOU'VE NO SERVANTS



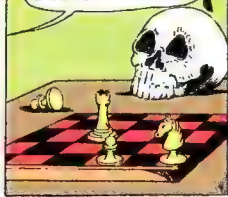
HA HA! VERY WELL...YOUVE FOUND ME OUT. WON'T YOU SIT DOWN AND PLAY A BIT OF CHESS? Y'KNOW I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRRED YOU, SPIRIT!

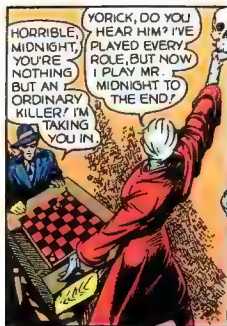


..NOT SO LONG AGO THE GREAT NAME OF JOHN CALIBAN WAS MAGIC ON BROADWAY "THE GREAT LOVER" AH. YES! GIRLS SWOONED AT MY PROFILE THEN MY CASTLE CRASHED! I FELL IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE IT RUINED ME. NEVER MIND HER NAME! ELLISON GOT HOLD OF SOME LETTERS!



THEN MY SKIN, POISONED BY THE COSMETICS, TURNED BLUE IT WAS THEN I CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF MR. MIDNIGHT. I KILLED HER AND DROPPED HER BODY IN THE RIVER THEN CAME ELLISON WRIGHT HE WAS THE CAUSE OF MY POVERTY!





HORRIBLE, MIDNIGHT, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN ORDINARY KILLER! I'M TAKING YOU IN.

YORICK, DO YOU HEAR HIM? I'VE PLAYED EVERY ROLE, BUT NOW I PLAY MR. MIDNIGHT TO THE END!



MR. MIDNIGHT'S FACE SETS IN HATE  
AFTER ALL, I REALLY HAVEN'T COMMITTED A PERFECT CRIME IF YOU ARE ALIVE TO BEAR WITNESS.



THEN I'M TO GATHER, YOU WISH TO KILL ME, TOO?

YOU ARE QUICK TO GET THE IDEA.



NO MOVE!

YOU FORGET MY ONLY SERVANT BEPPO!

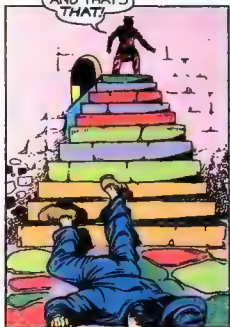
HA HA HA! AND THAT'S THAT!



AND YOU FORGET MY JIU JITSU, PAL!



OFF BALANCE, THE SPIRIT IS EASY PREY TO A HARD UPPERCUT.



WE'LL SET FIRE TO THIS PLACE, BEPPO. HA-HAAA!



LAST ACT... HA! MR. MIDNIGHT DEFEATS JUSTICE AND THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN IN A BLAZE OF GLORY...

THE SPIRIT!

YES, AND I'M CALLING FOR AN ENCORE!

FOR A LITTLE GUY,  
YOU SURE CAN  
SCRAP!



THE SPIRIT'S BACK IS TURNED...  
MR MIDNIGHT IS QUICK TO SEIZE  
THE OPPORTUNITY HE HURLS  
"YORICK" WITH TELLING EFFECT



NOW WE'LL  
FIRE THE  
REST OF  
THE HOUSE!

LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS  
SPIRIT, THE TWO HURRY  
THROUGH THE CORRIDORS



HURRY, BEPPO!  
HURRY! THE  
ROOF!

FLAMING DEBRIS SHOWERS  
FROM ABOVE. AN INSTANT  
LATER THE ROOF COLLAPSES.



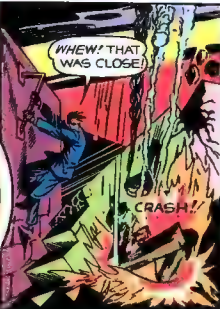
POOR BEPPO...  
HE WAS TOO  
SLOW!

YAAAAA

BACK SOMEWHERE IN  
THE FLAMES, THE SPIRIT  
RECOVERS HIS SENSES



I'VE GOT TO  
CAPTURE HIM...HE'S  
GONE MURDER-  
MAD! I MUST.



WHEW! THAT  
WAS CLOSE!

CRASH!

GOOD GOSH!  
HE'S GOING  
BACK INTO  
THE FLAMES!  
ONLY ONE  
CHANCE!  
I CAN MAKE  
A LONG ROPE  
OF THESE  
CURTAINS!



HA HA! COULD  
IT BE I'M GOING  
MAD?... THE  
FLAMES! THEY  
FASCINATE ME!

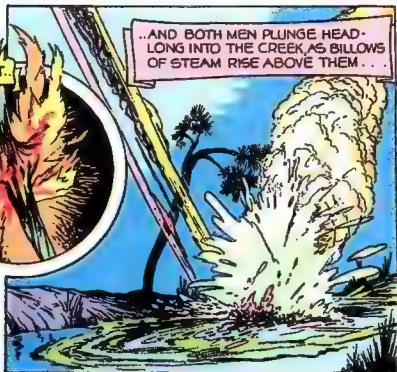
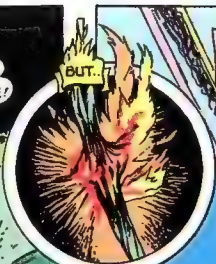
HERE  
GOES!



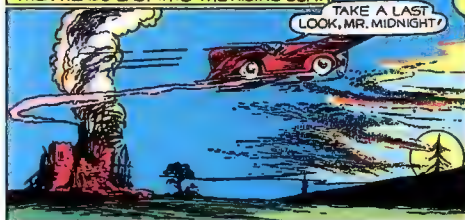
LIKE A BLAZING COMET, THE  
SPIRIT, HIS CLOTHES AFLAME,  
HURTLES DOWNWARD WITH  
INCREDIBLE SPEED.







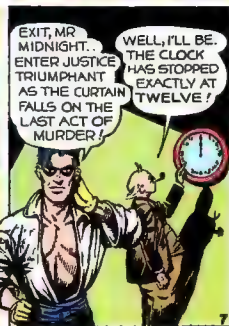
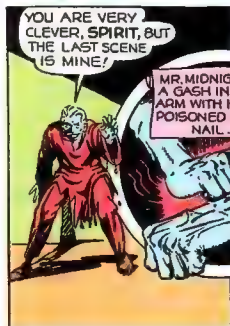
A FEW MINUTES LATER THE SPIRIT CIRCLES HIS AUTO-PLANE, ONCE OVER THE SMOLDERING RUINS...AND THEN HEADS EAST INTO THE RISING SUN.



AT HEADQUARTERS ONCE MORE...

SO THAT'S WHY HE KEPT SHARPENING HIS NAILS!

YES, HIS NAILS WERE COATED WITH A POWERFUL POISON INDUCING HEART FAILURE. HE MERELY SCRATCHED ELLISON WHEN HE HANDED HIM THE PEN. THE POISON ACTS IN FIVE MINUTES!



WELL, I'LL BE. THE CLOCK HAS STOPPED EXACTLY AT TWELVE!



WEEKLY  
COMIC  
BOOK

ELDAS THAYER

3 COMPLETE  
STORIES

Copyright, 1940, by Ernest M. Randall

July 21, 1940



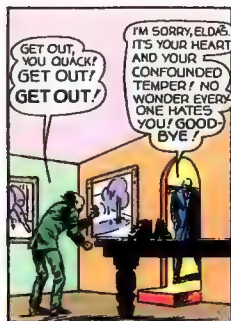
Will  
EISNER

BELIEVED DEAD AND BURIED IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, DENNY COLT, CRIMINOLOGIST, AWOKES FROM A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION... USING HIS GRAVE AS HIS HEADQUARTERS, HE CONTINUES HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME, AS **THE SPIRIT**.

NORTH OF WILDWOOD CEMETERY, LIES THE CITY. ON CLEAR NIGHTS ONE CAN SEE THE TALL BUILDINGS THAT RISE ABOVE THEIR NEIGHBORS NEAR THE TOP OF THE TALLEST, A LIGHT OF ONE WINDOW CAN ALWAYS BE SEEN. IT IS THE APARTMENT OF ELDAS THAYER, THE OLD FINANCIER...

TONIGHT HE HAS A VISITOR, DR. CLAY, THE FAMOUS HEART SPECIALIST.

ELDAS THAYER, YOU ARE GOING TO DIE IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS!



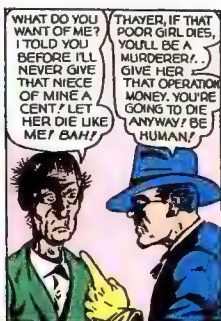
GET OUT, YOU QUACK! GET OUT! GET OUT!

I'M SORRY, ELDA'S. IT'S YOUR HEART AND YOUR CONFOUNDED TEMPER! NO WONDER EVERYONE HATES YOU! GOOD BYE!



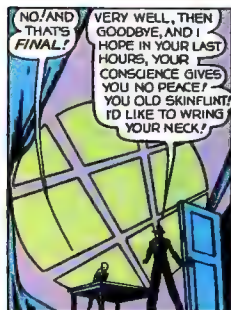
AS THE DOCTOR LEAVES, A TALL FIGURE DETACHES HIMSELF FROM THE SHADOWS...

TH: THE SPIRIT!



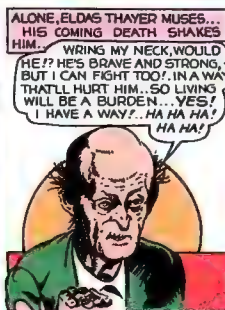
WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME? I TOLD YOU BEFORE I'LL NEVER GIVE THAT NIECE OF MINE A CENT! LET HER DIE LIKE ME! BAH!

THAYER, IF THAT POOR GIRL DIES, YOU'LL BE A MURDERER! GIVE HER THAT OPERATION MONEY, YOU'RE GOING TO DIE ANYWAY! BE HUMAN!



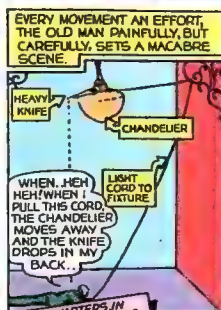
NO! AND THAT'S FINAL!

VERY WELL, THEN GOODBYE, AND I HOPE IN YOUR LAST HOURS, YOUR CONSCIENCE GIVES YOU NO PEACE! YOU OLD SKINFUNT! I'D LIKE TO WRING YOUR NECK!



ALONE, ELDA'S THAYER MUSES... HIS COMING DEATH SHAKES HIM...

WRING MY NECK, WOULD HE? HE'S BRAVE AND STRONG, BUT I CAN FIGHT TOO! IN A WAY THAT'LL HURT HIM... SO LIVING WILL BE A BURDEN... YES! I HAVE A WAY?... HA HA HA! HA HA!



EVERY MOVEMENT AN EFFORT, THE OLD MAN PAINFULLY, BUT CAREFULLY, SETS A MACABRE SCENE.

HEAVY KNIFE

CHANDIEUER

WHEN... HEH HEH! WHEN I PULL THIS CORD, THE CHANDIEUER MOVES AWAY AND THE KNIFE DROPS IN MY BACK...



WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF I DIE NOW, OR IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS, I'LL BE ABLE TO AVENGE MYSELF ON THE SPIRIT... HE REPRESENTS GOOD, AND I, EVIL... HA HA!



THE CORD IS PULLED!

AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...

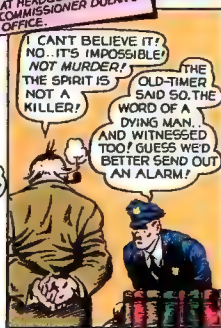
WHO KNIFED YOU?

THE SPIRIT... HE KILLED ME!

OOOH

HE'S DONE FOR!

YAAA GASPS!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! NO... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NOT MURDER! THE SPIRIT IS NOT A KILLER!

THE OLD-TIMER SAID SO. THE WORD OF A DYING MAN... AND WITNESSED TOO! GUESS WE'D BETTER SEND OUT AN ALARM!



MEANWHILE, IN THE STREET BELOW

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE MY OWN MONEY, BUT I'LL GET DOLAN TO DONATE IT IN THAYER'S NAME. AS THE SPIRIT, I MIGHT HAVE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS.



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE SPIRIT CLIMBS THROUGH DOLAN'S WINDOW.

HELLO, DOLAN! JUST BEEN TO VISIT THAYER...ER...HERE'S SOME MONEY HE...GAVE ME TO DONATE TO HIS NIECE'S HOSPITAL BILL!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE DOOR FLIES OPEN.

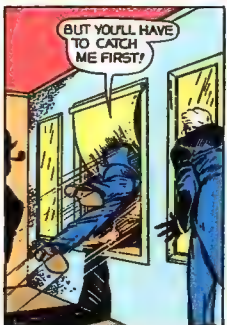


I HEARD THE WHOLE STORY BEFORE I CAME IN... HE'S GOT THE MONEY, COMMISSIONER, AND I HEARD HIM ADMIT IT CAME FROM THAYER.

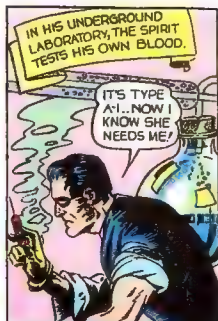
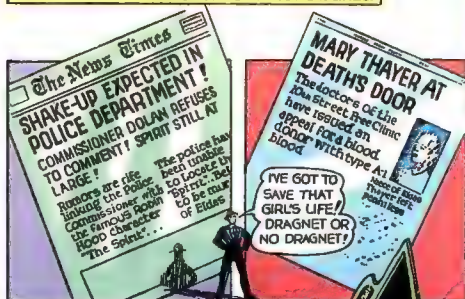
IT'S A CLEAR-CUT CASE?... SEEMS TO ME, DOLAN, THAT YOU'RE A FRIEND OF THIS MAN!

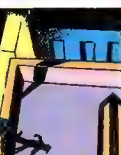
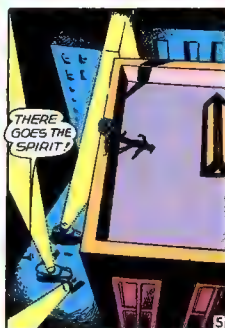
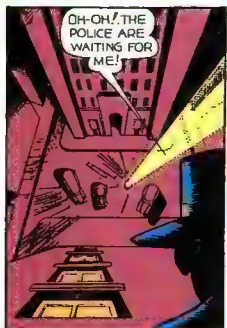
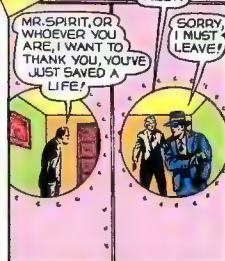
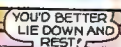
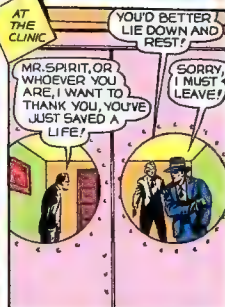
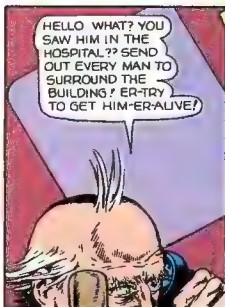
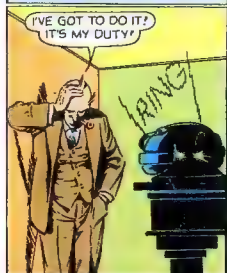
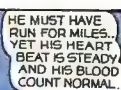
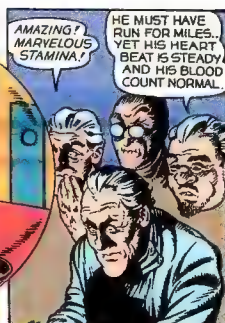
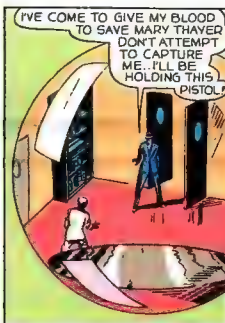


FOR A MOMENT THE SPIRIT HESITATES HE MUST DECIDE TO PROTECT HIS FRIEND OR SAVE HIMSELF... AT LAST

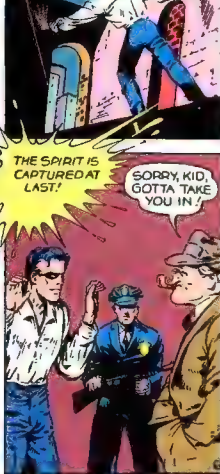
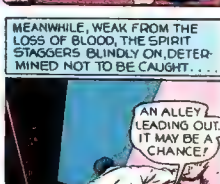
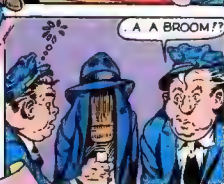
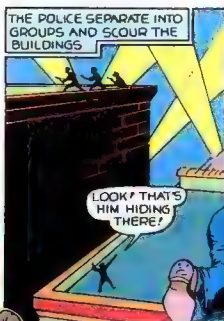


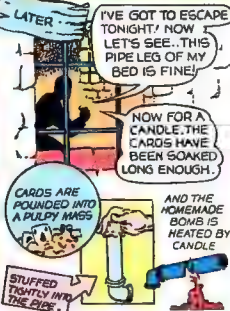
THE FOLLOWING DAYS RING WITH BLARING HEADLINES.



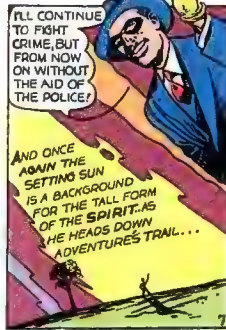
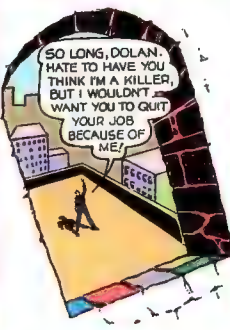








AND THE SPIRIT LEAPS TO FREEDOM.



COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION

PALYACHI, THE KILLER CLOWN

3 COMPLETE  
STORIES

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July 28, 1940

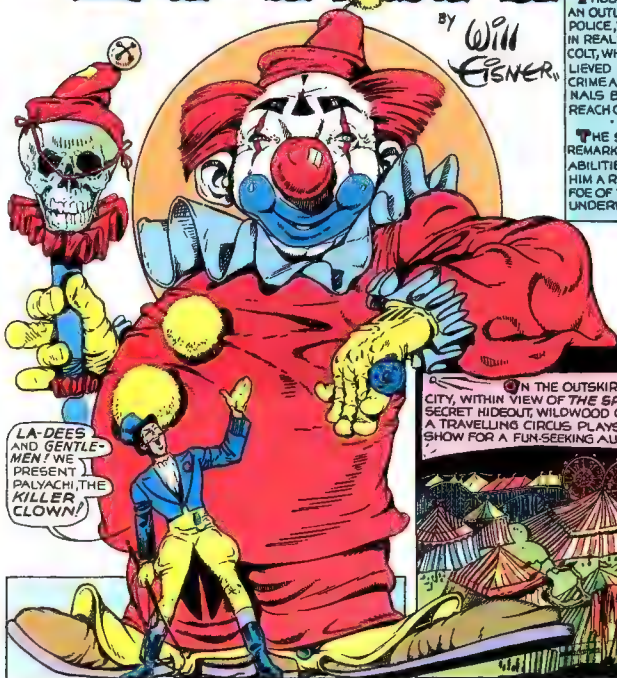
# The SPIRIT



By *Will Eisner*

THOUGH BRANDED AN OUTLAW BY THE POLICE, *THE SPIRIT*, IN REALITY DENNY COLT, WHO IS BELIEVED DEAD, FIGHTS CRIME AND CRIMINALS BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW.

THE SPIRIT'S REMARKABLE ABILITIES MAKE HIM A RELENTLESS FOE OF THE UNDERWORLD....



LA-DEES AND GENTLEMEN! WE PRESENT PALYACHI, THE KILLER CLOWN!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, WITHIN VIEW OF *THE SPIRIT*'S SECRET HIDEOUT, WILDWOOD CEMETERY, A TRAVELLING CIRCUS PLAYS ITS GAUDY SHOW FOR A FUN-SEEKING AUDIENCE...





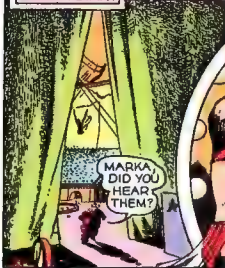
THE FIRST  
ACT IS ON..  
THE  
AUDIENCE  
IS CONVULSED  
WITH  
LAUGHTER



AMUSED BY A CLOWN  
KNOWN AS PALLYACHI!



THE ACT OVER. LET US FOLLOW  
PALLYACHI, AS HE HEADS FOR A  
DRESSING ROOM MARKED  
WITH A STAR

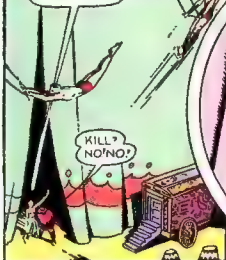


YES.. SO WHAT?? TO THEM  
YOU ARE A STUPID LITTLE  
CLOWN! MAKE SOMETHING  
OF YOURSELF.. YOU WANT  
TO MARRY ME?? WELL,  
DO SOMETHING TO PROVE  
YOUR LOVE!

BUT  
WHAT?

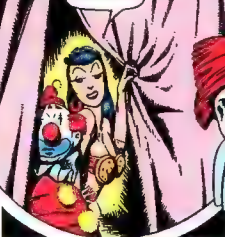


THERE! KILL FLIPO,  
THE TRAPEZE ARTIST!  
I HATE HIM!



KILL?  
NO! NO!

AFRAID?? BAH! COWARD!  
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!  
GO AHEAD! DO IT!  
REMEMBER, IF YOU  
LOVE ME..



KILL? I CAN'T! I'VE NEVER  
HARMED A SOUL... [GULP]  
BUT I MUST! IF I'M TO WIN  
HER.. I-I'M MAD ABOUT  
HER!

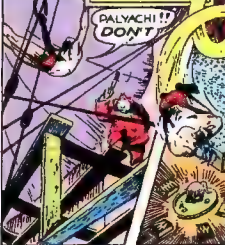


LATER THAT NIGHT...THE  
FINAL ACT IS ANNOUNCED.



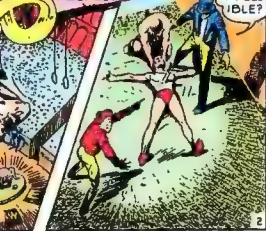
INTRODUCING  
FLIPO, THE  
AERIAL ARTIST.  
WHO WILL DO  
FOUR FLIPS IN  
MID-AIR!

DRUMS ROLL IN ENDLESS THUNDER, AS FLIPO SWINGS FROM ONE  
SIDE OF THE HUGE TENT TO  
THE OTHER. AS HE NEARS ONE  
SIDE, HE SEES PALLYACHI HIDDEN  
IN THE RAFTERS.

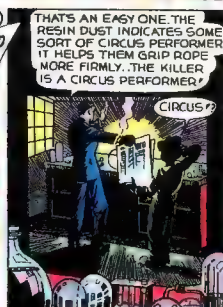


PALLYACHI!!  
DON'T

UNSEEN, PALLYACHI'S  
KNIFE FLIES THROUGH  
THE AIR, AND A MAN  
IS MURDERED  
BEFORE THE EYES  
OF TWO THOUSAND  
PEOPLE.



DEAD!!  
A KNIFE IN  
HIS CHEST!  
BUT NO ONE  
WAS NEAR  
HIM! HOW IS  
IT POSSIBLE?





THIS MUST BE THE STAR'S ROOM... HOLY SMOKE! JEWELRY AND MONEY! ODD FOR A CIRCUS PERFORMER TO BE SO WEALTHY!



NEED ANY HELP, COPPER?



AH CORRECTION I AM NOT A POLICEMAN I AM THE SPIRIT!

OH... I'VE HEARD OF YOU



QUITE AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF JEWELRY YOU HAVE! I'LL WAGER THEY ALL FIT THE DESCRIPTION OF THOSE STOLEN LAST NIGHT. COME CLEAN!

WELL YES... THEY ARE! SO WHAT?



I DIDN'T DO IT, BUT I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU. I'M ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF PALLYACHI ANYHOW!



SO I'LL TELL YOU WHO DID IT. TURN HIM OVER TO THE COPS AND THEN YOU AND I CAN GO INTO PARTNERSHIP. YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER AND HANDSOME TOO.

WHO?



PALLYACHI, THE CLOWN DID IT.

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW... HEY! SOMEONE'S BEEN LISTENING IN! WHY, IT'S A CLOWN! ONE SIDE!



STREAKING IN PURSUIT, THE SPIRIT GAINS RAPIDLY ON THE CLOWN.



BUT ABOVE

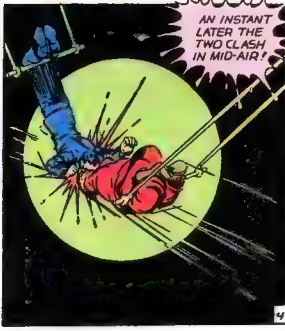
OH! SO THERE YOU ARE! LOST FOR A MOMENT!



LIKE A TRAINED ACROBAT, THE SPIRIT SEIZES A TRAPEZE AND DEFTLY SWINGS IN PURSUIT. . . .

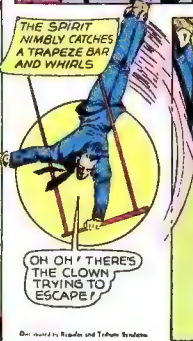
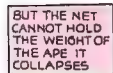
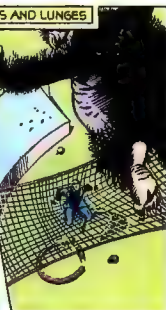


YOU'RE PLAYING ON MY HOME GROUNDS, SPIRIT! YOU'RE AS GOOD AS FINISHED!



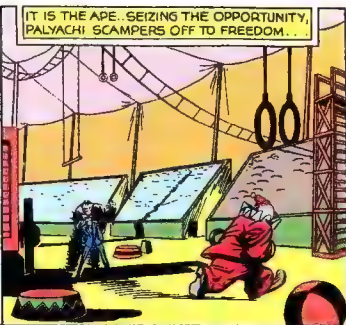
AN INSTANT LATER THE TWO CLASH IN MID-AIR!







SUDDENLY A POWERFUL PAW CLOSES ABOUT THE SPIRIT'S COLLAR IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP...



IT IS THE APE. SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY, PALLYACHI! SCAMPERS OFF TO FREEDOM...



IN A FLASH, THE SPIRIT IS OUT OF HIS COAT.

HOLD MY COAT, MR APE!



THANKS!



BOY! YOU'RE TOUGH!

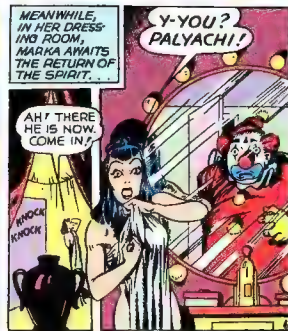


THE APE RAISES HIS ARM AND BRINGS IT DOWN IN A MURDEROUS SWIPE... BY A HAIR'S BREADTH, THE SPIRIT ESCAPES INSTANT DEATH.



THE MONSTER STAGGERS... THE BLOWS OF THE SPIRIT AT LAST TAKE EFFECT WITH A GROAN THE APE SINKS TO THE SAWDUST

GOLLY! THAT WAS CLOSE!



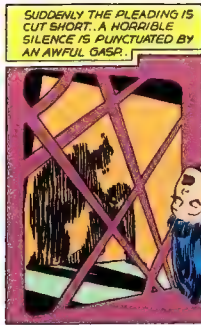
MEANWHILE, IN HER DRESSING ROOM, MARKA AWAITS THE RETURN OF THE SPIRIT...

Y-YOU? PALLYACHI!

AH! THERE HE IS NOW. COME IN!



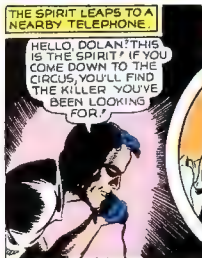
NO NO NO! (GULP)  
LISTEN TO ME. I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO SQUEAL ON  
YOU. I LOVE YOU!  
HEH HEH. I'LL  
**MARRY YOU!**  
**DO YOU**  
**HEAR?**



**SUDDENLY THE PLEADING IS  
CUT SHORT. A HORRIBLE  
SILENCE IS PUNCTUATED BY  
AN AWFUL GASP.**



THEN AFTER A MOMENT, THE LITTLE  
MAD CLOWN LIFTS HIS FACE IN A  
LAUGHTER SO BLOOD-CURDLING  
THAT IT MAKES  
THE SPIRIT FREEZE  
IN HORROR



**THE SPIRIT LEAPS TO A  
NEARBY TELEPHONE.**

HELLO, DOLAN? THIS  
IS THE SPIRIT! IF YOU  
COME DOWN TO THE  
CIRCUS, YOU'LL FIND  
THE KILLER YOU'VE  
BEEN LOOKING  
FOR!



AND NOW YOU'D  
BETTER TELL ME  
THE WHOLE  
STORY!



**MEANWHILE, COMMISSIONER DOLAN ARRIVES WITH  
A SQUAD OF POLICE.**

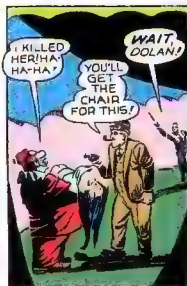
**SURROUND THE  
PLACE! NO! LOOK.  
THERE GOES THE  
SPIRIT! NAB  
HIM!**



**WITH THE ENTIRE SQUAD AT  
HIS HEELS, THE SPIRIT  
ROUNDS A CORNER.**

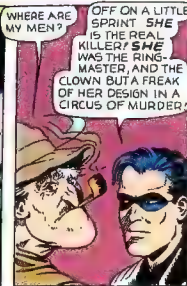


**A MOMENT LATER...**



I KILLED  
HER! HA-  
HA-  
HA!

WAIT,  
DOLAN!  
YOU'LL  
GET  
THE  
CHAIR  
FOR THIS!



WHERE ARE  
MY MEN?

OFF ON A LITTLE  
SPRINT SHE  
IS THE REAL  
KILLER! SHE  
WAS THE RING-  
MASTER, AND THE  
CLOWN BUT A FREAK  
OF HER DESIGN IN A  
CIRCUS OF MURDER!



...AND AS ANOTHER  
PEAL OF MAD  
LAUGHTER SHAKES  
THE CLOWN, THE  
SPIRIT VANISHES  
INTO THE MIST.



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August 4, 1940

# The SPIRIT



**UNKNOWN TO THE WORLD, THE SPIRIT IS IN REALITY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD... AS THE SPIRIT, HE FIGHTS CRIME AND CRIMINALS BEYOND THE REACH OF THE POLICE..**



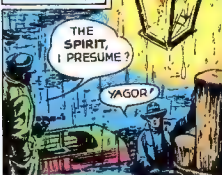
**COAST HAVEN, DARK, MYSTERIOUS LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST. BEGUN MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO BY A SAILOR WHO RETURNED FROM THE FAR EAST LADEN WITH STRANGE PRODUCTS .... OUT OF THE TOURIST ROUTE, COAST HAVEN LIES ASLEEP, SILENT AND ALONE . . .**



**ONE FOGGY RAINSWEEP NIGHT A SLEEK POWER BOAT, ITS MOTORS MUFFLED, SLIPS SILENTLY INTO A DESERTED DOCK. A TALL FIGURE CLIMBS NIMBLY UP A SLIPPERY LADDER . . .**



**WHEN HE REACHES THE PIER, ANOTHER FIGURE STEPS OUT OF THE GLOOM.... A REVOLVER GLISTENING IN HIS HAND. . .**



**YOU ARE VERY CLEVER TO HAVE FOLLOWED ME HERE! THIS ONE IS WARM ENOUGH! I HAD KNOWN YOU WERE COMING I WOULD HAVE ARRANGED A WARMER RECEPTION!**





THIS WAY, SPIRIT?

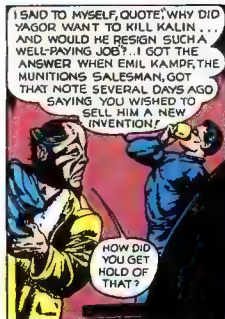


MIND IF I MAKE MYSELF AT HOME? BRR... NASTY WEATHER. ER HOW ABOUT A CUP OF HOT COFFEE?

HOW DID YOU TRAIL ME?

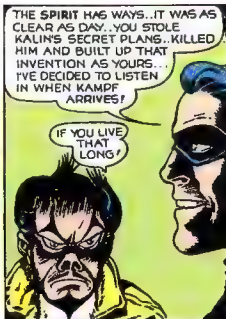


EASIER THAN IT WOULD SEEM WHEN YOU RESIGNED AS CHIEF ENGINEER OF BATTLE ARMS CO. FOLLOWING THE INVENTOR KALIN'S DEATH, I KNEW YOU WERE HIS MURDERER!



I SAID TO MYSELF, QUOTE: 'WHY DID YAGOR WANT TO KILL KALIN... AND WOULD HE RESIGN SUCH A WELL-PAYING JOB?... I GOT THE ANSWER WHEN EMIL KAMPF, THE MUNITIONS SALESMAN, GOT THAT NOTE SEVERAL DAYS AGO SAYING YOU WISHED TO SELL HIM A NEW INVENTION!'

HOW DID YOU GET HOLD OF THAT?



THE SPIRIT HAS WAYS... IT WAS AS CLEAR AS DAY... YOU STOLE KALIN'S SECRET PLANS... KILLED HIM AND BUILT UP THAT INVENTION AS YOURS... I'VE DECIDED TO LISTEN IN WHEN KAMPF ARRIVES!

IF YOU LIVE THAT LONG!



AT THAT MOMENT THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

COME IN!

PUT THAT GUN AWAY! IT'S ME, EMIL KAMPF!



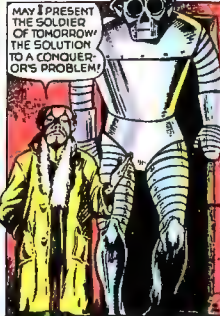
I AM SORRY FOR THIS INTRUDER. I'LL PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY IF...

SAVE IT. I'M A BUSY MAN! NO TIME FOR SUCH NONSENSE! SHOW ME THE INVENTION!



YAGOR STEPS TO THE WALL, PUSHES A PANEL AND A DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

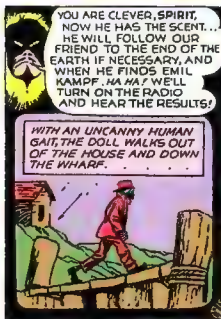
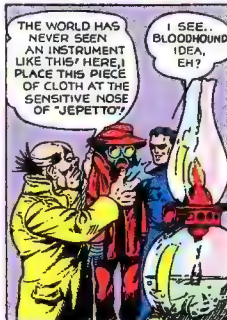
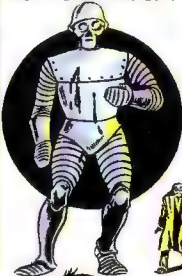
ONE OF THE CHIEF FAULTS WITH MODERN CONQUEST IS THAT LEADERS MUST DEAL WITH THINKING MEN!



MAY I PRESENT THE SOLDIER OF TOMORROW? THE SOLUTION TO A CONQUEROR'S PROBLEM!



AS THOUGH HUMAN, THE ROBOT HALTS, STAGGERS... OIL OZZES FROM THE BULLET HOLES...





UP THE SIDE OF A WELL-KNOWN HOTEL. THE SCENT IS HOTTER . . . JEPETTO SPEEDS TOWARD HIS QUARRY . . .



WHAT IN THE ?? A DOLL?

IF THIS IS ONE OF YAGOR'S TRICKS . . .



BUT BEFORE HE CAN FIRE, JEPETTO LEAPS . . .



BACK AT THE FISHING SHACK . . .



WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST TO BRING YOU A NEWS BULLETIN! AN EXPLOSION JUST ROCKED THE AVENUE HOTEL. . . CLICK . . .

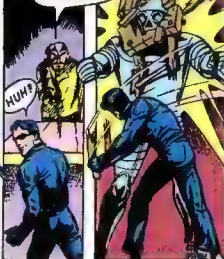
YOU FIEND! THAT TOY WAS REALLY A BOMB!

YES, YES? A "WALKING BOMB"? IMAGINE AN ARMY OF SUCH CREATURES. THE WORLD IS CHANGING FAST. MACHINES RULE US NOW. AND, SPIRIT, I WILL RULE MACHINES!



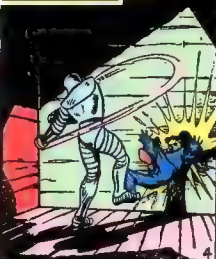
THAT'S A BIG SPEECH FOR A GUY WHO'S GOING TO JAIL!

I HAVE OTHER IDEAS, SPIRIT! SEIZE HIM, PET!



HUH?

UNAFFECTED, THE MONSTER HURLS THE SPIRIT AGAINST THE WALL, WHERE HE SINKS TO THE FLOOR UNCONSCIOUS.



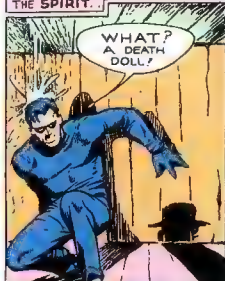
QUICKLY YAGOR RIPS A PIECE OF CLOTH FROM THE **SPRIT'S** CLOTHES



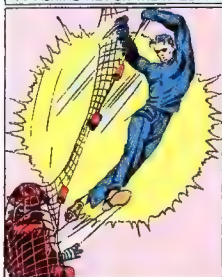
LEAVING THE **SPRIT** TO HIS FATE, YAGOR AND HIS IRON MONSTER HEAD INTO THE RAIN



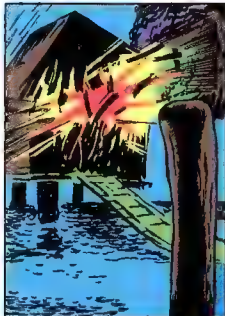
IN THE SHACK, RAIN WATER, LEAKING THROUGH THE ROOF REVIVES THE **SPRIT**.



WITH THE AGILITY OF A SPRINGING PANTHER, THE **SPRIT** LEAPS, CUTS A FISHING NET ON THE WALL...



LEAVING THE DEATH DOLL TRAPPED IN THE NET, THE **SPRIT** CLEARS THE SHACK AND DIVES INTO THE WATER...



A MOMENT LATER HE OVERTAKES YAGOR



AND WHILE THE **SPRIT** AND YAGOR LOCK IN BATTLE, THE IRON MONSTER PLODS ON TOWARD THE CITY TO FULFILL YAGOR'S "DESTINY"



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AN HOUR LATER...

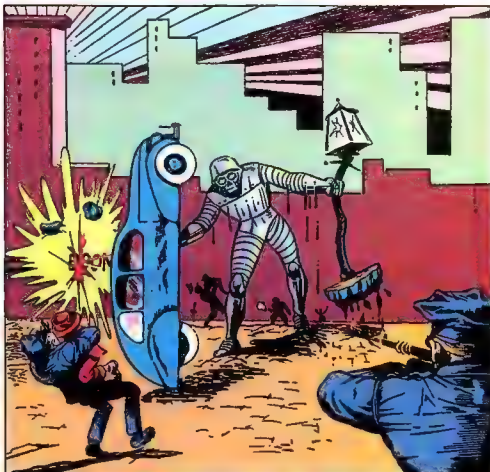
COMMISSIONER DOLAN 10TH PRECINCT CALLING..UNBELIEVABLE MONSTER ROBOT ATTACKING CITIZENS. SEND RESERVES AT ONCE....



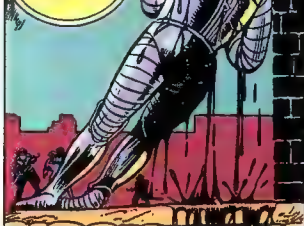
CRUSHING, TEARING..... ITS GEAR GRINDING, THE MONSTER STAGGERS ON THROUGH THE CITY, SURROUNDED BY POLICE.



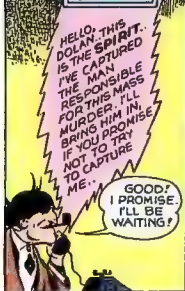
SUDDENLY THE MONSTER HALTS, OPENS A PANEL IN ITS BACK... A HOST OF LITTLE DEATH DOLLS POUR OUT..



PUNCTURED IN A HUNDRED PLACES, ITS SHINY BODY IS STREAKED WITH OIL. THE MONSTER IS HALTED AT LAST....



AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.



COMMISSIONER.... PRECINCT 12 REPORTS THE SITUATION NOW UNDER CONTROL!

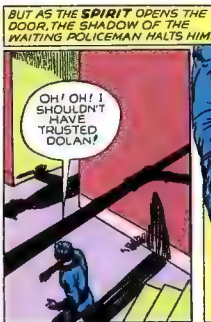




AFTER THE DOOR CLOSES, THE POLICEMAN PAUSES



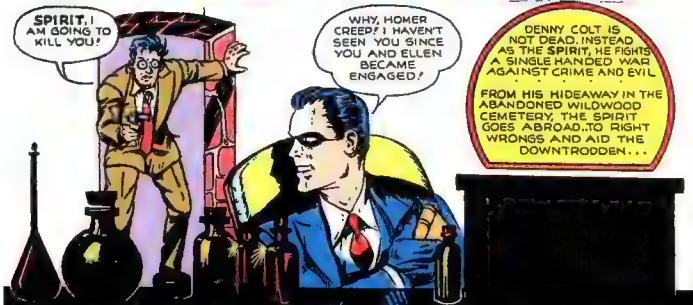
INSIDE DOLAN'S OFFICE.



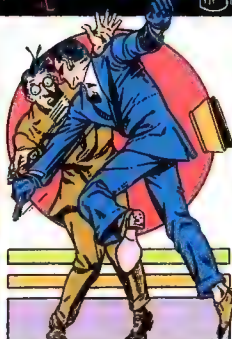
# THE SPIRIT

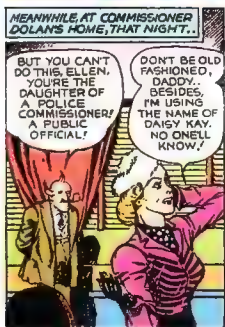
BY  
**Will  
Eisner**

Purchased by Republic on 1-15-39 at \$1.00 each

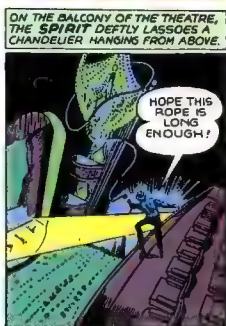
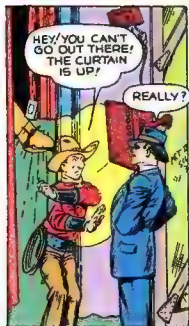
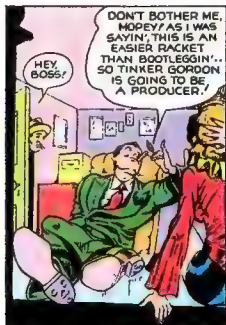


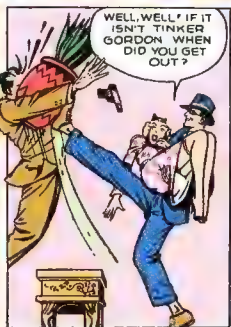
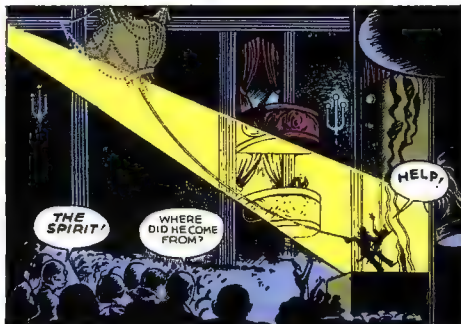
DENNY COLT IS NOT DEAD. INSTEAD AS THE SPIRIT, HE FIGHTS A SINGLE HANDED WAR AGAINST CRIME AND EVIL. FROM HIS HIDEAWAY IN THE ABANDONED WILDWOOD CEMETERY, THE SPIRIT GOES ABROAD...TO RIGHT WRONGS AND AID THE DOWNTRODDEN...



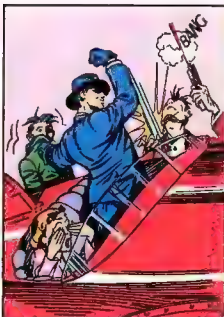








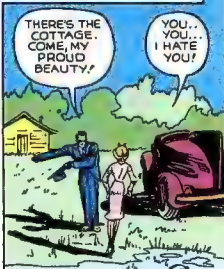
WITH A HEAVY ROAR, THE SPIRIT'S AUTO PLANE SPROUTS ITS WINGS AND ZOOMS SKYWARD, WITH TWO GANGSTERS STILL CLINGING TO IT..



ZOOMING LOW THE SPIRIT DROPS THE GANGSTERS ON THE ROOF OF THE PURSUING CAR. ....



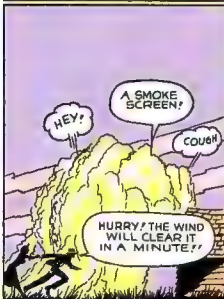
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY LAND IN AN OPEN FIELD..



THE SPIRIT'S HANDY SMOKE BOMBS..



...ARE PRESSED INTO SERVICE...

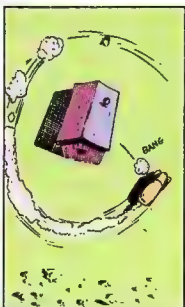




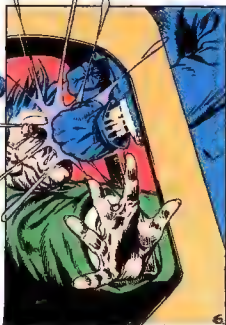
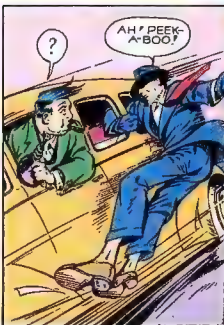
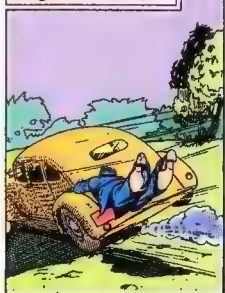
THE SMOKE CLEARED, THE GANG PREPARES TO ATTACK THE HUT.



TINKER GORDON DECIDES ON NEW TACTICS TO DRIVE THEM OUT



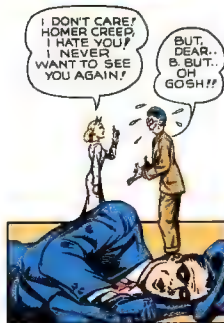
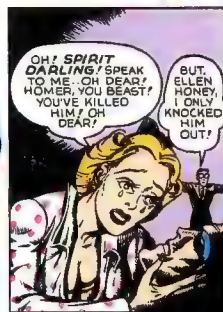
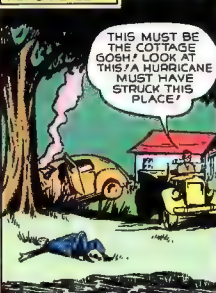
AS THE CAR SHOOT'S BY, THE **SPIRIT** LEAPS..



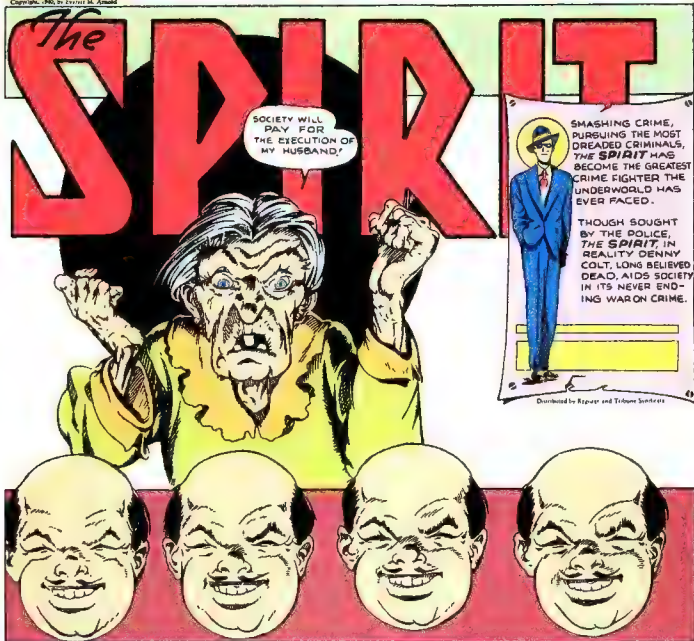
A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE RETURNS



MEANWHILE... A NEW ARRIVAL IS HOMER CREEP



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AT FEDERAL COURT, THE JURY HAS JUST RETURNED AND GIVEN ITS VERDICT OF GUILTY AGAINST BLACK MORGER, NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL. THE JUDGE IS PRONOUNCING THE SENTENCE

BLACK MORGER, YOUR REPUTATION AS A VICIOUS KILLER IS NOTORIOUS. I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO DIE ON THE GALLOWS ON OCTOBER 13TH!

THE EXECUTION NIGHT MIGHT HAVE PASSED UNNOTICED, BUT FOR A STRANGE SCENE THAT TOOK PLACE IN AN OLD STONE COTTAGE ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE JAIL. BLACK MORGER'S WIFE AND FOUR CHILDREN ARE GATHERED BEFORE THE FIREPLACE. LET'S LISTEN IN.

LISTEN, MY SONS, THOSE MEN ARE PREPARING TO HANG YOUR FATHER TONIGHT! I WILL MAKE SOCIETY PAY FOR TAKING HIM FROM US! YOU WILL AVENGE HIS DEATH!!





SWEAR THAT ON THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER, TWENTY FIVE YEARS FROM NOW, YOU WILL GATHER IN THIS HOUSE AND KILL THE FOUR PEOPLE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR FATHER'S DEATH!

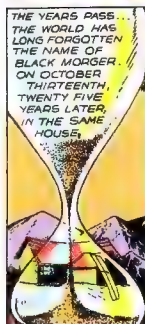
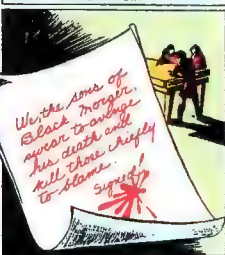
AS SHE FINISHES, THE BELL IN THE PRISON TOWER TOLLS, ANNOUNCING THAT THE EXECUTION IS COMPLETE. AT THAT MOMENT THE OLD WOMAN STAGGERS AND SINKS INTO A CHAIR



SHE'S DEAD!

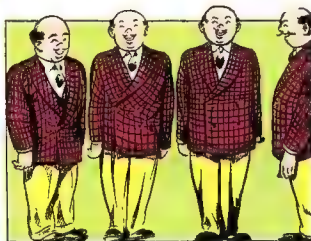
DIED JUST AS THE BELL SOUNDED!

AND BY THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE IN THE HEARTH, EACH BROTHER SIGNS HIS NAME IN HIS OWN BLOOD TO AN OATH OF DEADLY VENGEANCE.



THE YEARS PASS... THE WORLD HAS LONG FORGOTTEN THE NAME OF BLACK MORGER. ON OCTOBER THIRTEENTH, TWENTY FIVE YEARS LATER, IN THE SAME HOUSE.

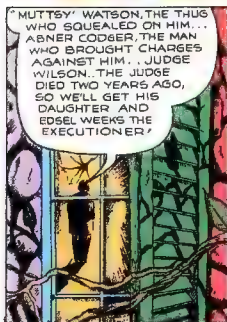
THE FOUR BROTHERS MEET. EACH LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THE OTHER.



THEY GATHER BEFORE THE SAME FIRE-PLACE



WE ARE PLEDGED TO AVENGE OUR FATHER'S DEATH. I SHALL READ THE NAMES OF OUR VICTIMS. I HAVE KEPT A RECORD OF THEM!



MUTTSY WATSON, THE THUS WHO SQUEALED ON HIM... ABNER CODGER, THE MAN WHO BROUGHT CHARGES AGAINST HIM... JUDGE WILSON. THE JUDGE DIED TWO YEARS AGO, SO WE'LL GET HIS DAUGHTER AND EDESEL WEEKS THE EXECUTIONER!



I HAVE THEIR ADDRESSES WE'LL LEAVE AND RETURN WITH THEM! THEY WILL PAY WITH THEIR LIVES!



AS THE MEN LEAVE, EACH GOING IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, A STRANGE THING OCCURS. THE HEAD OF THE OLD WOMAN SEEMS TO LOOM IN THE MIST ABOVE THE HOUSE

IN THE CITY, AT THE HOME OF ABNER CODGER, SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU, SIR!

HMPP SEND HIM IN

WELL?

ABNER CODGER, DO YOU REMEMBER BLACK MORGER? OF COURSE YOU DO. WELL I'M HIS SON, AND I'M GOING TO AVENGE HIS DEATH!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

HA HA HA! DON'T BE SILLY! THEY CAN'T ARREST ME I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING... YET!

GOOD DAY! I'LL CALL FOR YOU TOMORROW, UNTIL THEN PLEASANT DREAMS!

I'M DOOMED! THE POLICE CAN'T HELP! HE'LL GET ME SOMEHOW! WAIT! THERE IS ONE MAN WHO CAN SAVE ME!

NEXT DAY THE GREAT CRIME FIGHTER READS AN AD IN THE PAPER

Classified Personal  
The Spirit! if you want to make \$100,000 come to the apartment of Abner Codger at once.

HMM OBVIOUSLY A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

HOW DO YOU KNOW, MIST SPIRIT?

BECAUSE, EBONY. ABNER CODGER IS A VERY THRIFTY MAN, AND IF HE IS READY TO GIVE AWAY 100,000, IT MUST BE A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

BATER..

ABNER CODGER



AT THAT MOMENT, THE DOOR OPENS

THE SON OF BLACK MORGER?? I'LL TAKE THE CASE. YOU CAN GIVE THAT \$100,000 TO CHARITY! MY ONLY INTEREST IS TO PREVENT CRIME!

OF COURSE ANYTHING! ONLY HELP ME!

AH, SO, MR CODGER, YOU ARE PAYING THE SPIRIT \$100,000 TO SAVE YOUR LIFE FROM ME! HA HA!

HA HA HA! IT'S A GOOD GAME WE'RE PLAYING, YOU AND I! ...AND THE PAWN IS POOR, FRIGHTENED MR CODGER! HA HA HA!

PUT UP YOUR HANDS, SPIRIT! AS YOU SEE, THIS CANE IS IN REALITY, A KNIFE!

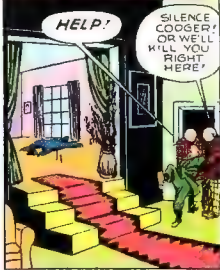
RECKLESSLY, THE **SPIRIT** STARTS FORWARD. ANOTHER MAN STEPS INTO THE ROOM.



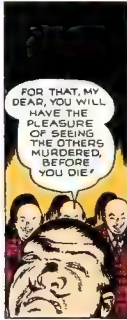
AH, BROTHER, YOU HAVE RELIEVED A ER DIFFICULT SITUATION. COME, CODGER!



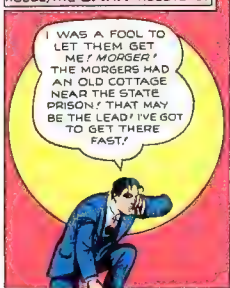
AND LEAVING THE **SPIRIT** UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR THEY CARRY ABNER CODGER OUT.



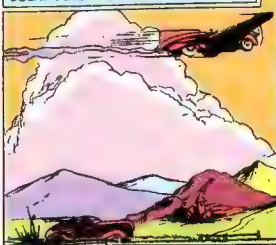
THAT NIGHT, A LIGHT GLOWS IN THE TINY STONE COTTAGE. THE BROTHERS PREPARE TO FULFILL THEIR PLEDGE.



MEANWHILE, BACK AT CODGER'S HOUSE, THE **SPIRIT** RECOVERS.



SOON THE **SPIRIT**'S AUTOPLANE IS ROARING THROUGH THE NIGHT, RACING AGAINST TIME. FAR BELOW ON THE HIGHWAY, A CAR SPEEDS IN THE SAME DIRECTION. IN IT ARE COMMISSIONER DOLAN AND INSPECTOR FINNEGAN.



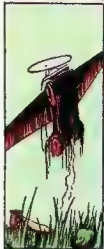
WE'VE ONLY A POOR CLUE TO GO ON. EXECUTIONER WEEKS HAS BEEN MISSING TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! HE WAS REPORTED ON THIS ROAD WITH A BALD HEADED MAN!







WITH A ROAR,  
THE **SPRIT**  
ZOOMS ALOFT  
IN HIS  
AUTOPLANE.



CIRCLING  
OVER THE  
HOUSE,  
HE SUDDENLY  
PRESSES A  
LEVER AND  
THE WINGS  
SLIDE IN...

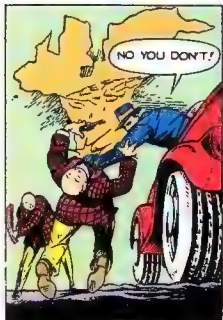


THAT  
WOOD ROOF  
IS ROTTED..  
I'M IN  
LUCK!

NOSING OVER, HE  
GLIDES TO A DIVE.



HERE  
I AM  
AGAIN!



NO YOU DON'T!



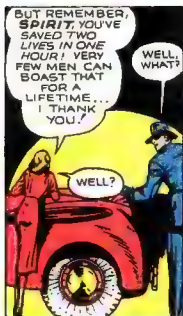
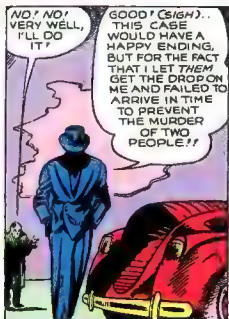
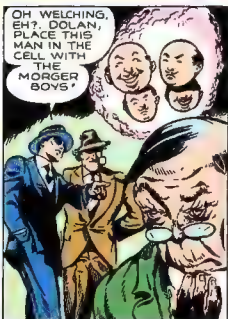
HEY! WHAT'S  
GOING ON?  
WHY... IT'S THE  
**SPRIT**!



OH, DOLAN!  
COME ON IN  
AND JOIN  
THE  
PARTY!



CIRCLE AROUND,  
FINNEGAN,  
AND USE  
YOUR  
CLUB!





COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION

THE ORPHANS

3 COMPLETE  
STORIES

Copyright, 1940, by Everett M. Eisner

August 25, 1940

# THE SPIRIT

Discontinued by Republic and Tribune Syndicates

BY

Will  
EISNER

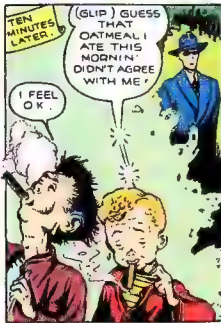
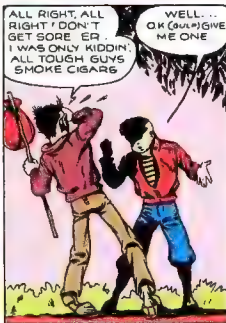
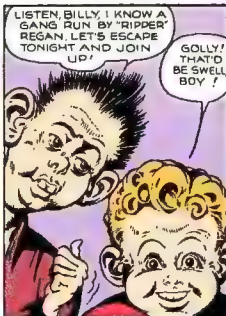
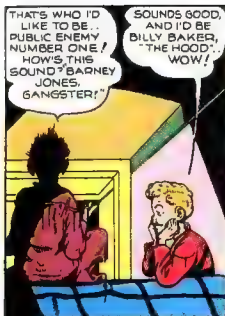
THE  
TWO-FISTED  
SPIRIT, SO MUCH  
FEARED BY THE EVIL  
UNDERWORLD, IS NONE  
OTHER THAN DENNY COLT,  
WHOM THE POLICE BELIEVE  
DEAD.

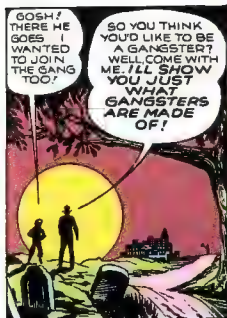
BURIED BY MISTAKE IN WILDWOOD,  
THE SPIRIT USES THE VERY  
GRAVE HE AROSE FROM AS A  
HEADQUARTERS FOR HIS  
WAR AGAINST CRIME....

NIGHT...IN A STATE ORPHANAGE.

IT MUST BE  
SWEET TO BE  
A REAL  
BIG-TIME  
GANGSTER!

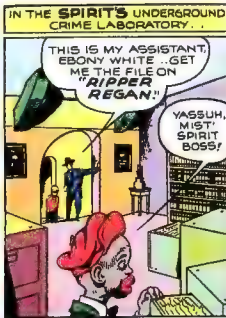






GOSH? THERE HE GOES! I WANTED TO JOIN THE GANG TOO!

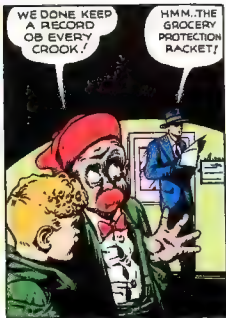
SO YOU THINK YOU'D LIKE TO BE A GANGSTER? WELL, COME WITH ME. I'LL SHOW YOU JUST WHAT GANGSTERS ARE MADE OF!



IN THE SPIRIT'S UNDERGROUND CRIME LABORATORY...

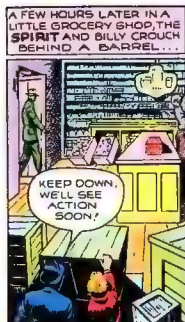
THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, EBONY WHITE. GET ME THE FILE ON "RIPPER REGAN."

YASSUH, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!



WE DONE KEEP A RECORD OB EVERY CROOK!

HMM...THE GROCERY PROTECTION RACKET!



A FEW HOURS LATER IN A LITTLE GROCERY SHOP, THE SPIRIT AND BILLY CROUCH BEHIND A BARREL...

KEEP DOWN, WE'LL SEE ACTION SOON!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

WELL? YOU GONNA PAY UP?



DO YOU PAY, OR DO WE. ?

YOU'LL DO NOTHING!



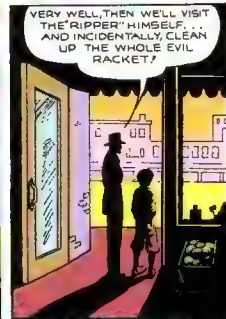
THE SPIRIT!! LET HIM HAVE IT!

NOTICE? AS SOON AS DANGER THREATENS, THEY USE THEIR GUNS INSTEAD OF THEIR BRAINS!!



SEE THEM RUN OFF? YELLOW!!

AW, THEY'RE ONLY ASSISTANTS, BUT I'LL BET THE BIG BOSS IS TOUGH!

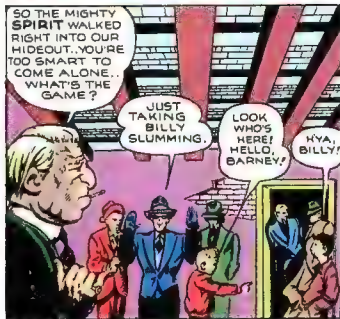


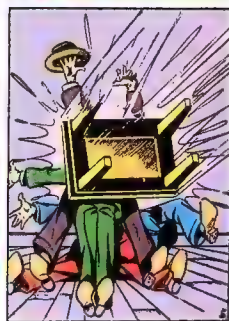
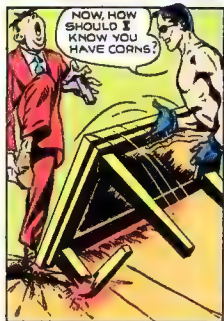
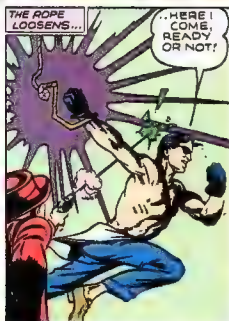
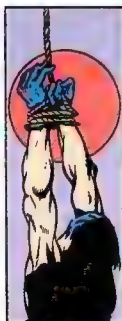
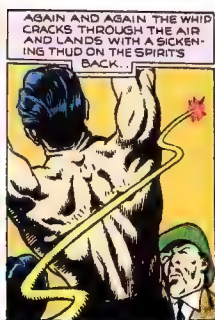
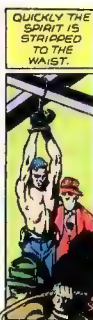
VERY WELL, THEN WE'LL VISIT THE "RIPPER" HIMSELF... AND INCIDENTALLY, CLEAN UP THE WHOLE EVIL RACKET!

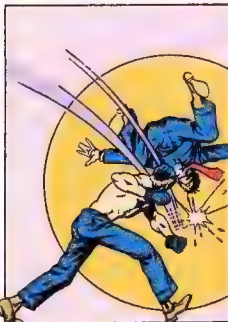
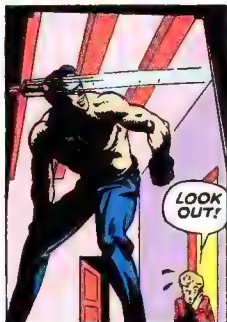
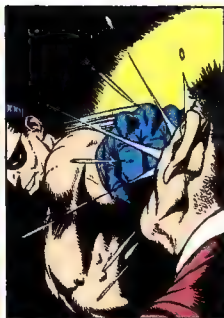
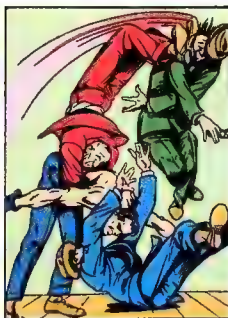


DOWN  
SLUM  
DISTRICTS,  
THROUGH  
WINDING  
ALLEYS,  
THEY  
THREAD  
THEIR  
WAY.

EVER NOTICE, BILLY,  
CROOKS HIDE VERY  
MUCH LIKE  
RATS?



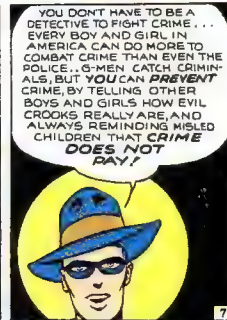
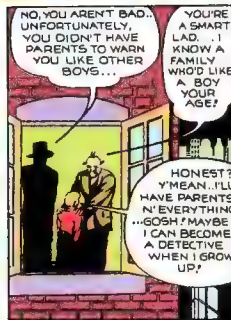
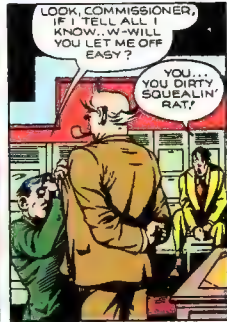
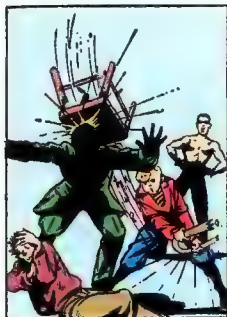




REALIZING HIS DEFEAT, AND GIVING VENT TO HIS HATE RIPPER BEATS UP THE DEFENSELESS BARNEY







COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION

ORANG, THE APE MAN

3 COMPLETE  
STORIES

September 1, 1940

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THERE ARE CRIMES OFTEN BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW... FROM HIS SECRET CRIME LABORATORY IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, DENNY COLT, KNOWN ONLY AS THE SPIRIT, FIGHTS CRIME AND CHAMPIONS THE CAUSE OF THE WEAK.



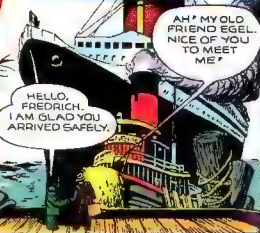
# THE SPIRIT

BY  
Will  
EISNER



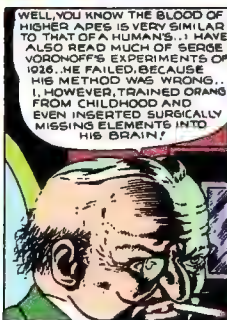
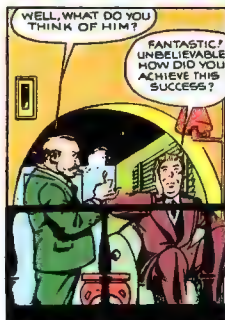
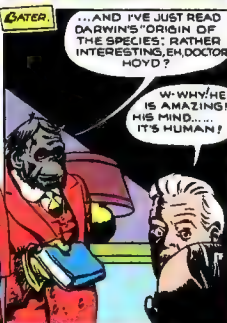
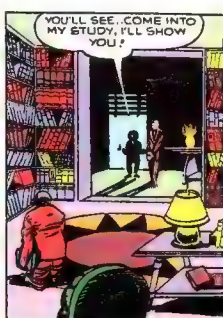
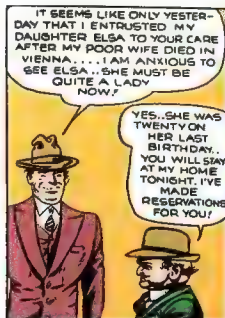
Developed by Eisner  
and Will Eisner

AMID THE NOISE OF STUBBY TUGBOATS, THE LINER "ARIA" DOCKS IN NEW YORK, UNLOADING REFUGEES FROM WAR-SMASHED EUROPE... AMONG THEM IS THE EMINENT CHEMIST, DR. FREDRICH HOYD... HE IS GREETED BY AN OLD FRIEND, DR. EDEL.



AH! MY OLD FRIEND EDEL. NICE OF YOU TO MEET ME!

HELLO, FREDRICH. I AM GLAD YOU ARRIVED SAFELY.



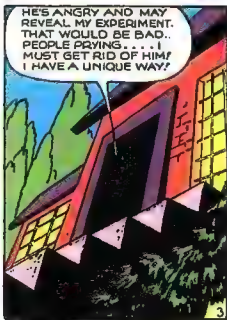




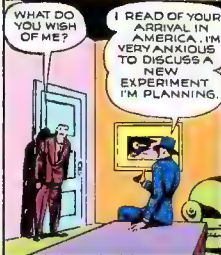
DAZED, SHOCKED, HE WALKS FROM THE HOUSE HEART BROKEN...



BACK AT EGEL'S HOUSE..



AFTER WALKING FOR AN HOUR, DR. HOYO RETURNS TO HIS HOTEL ROOM TO FIND THE **SPIRIT** AWAITING HIM.



WHAT DO YOU WISH OF ME?

I READ OF YOUR ARRIVAL IN AMERICA. I'M VERY ANXIOUS TO DISCUSS A NEW EXPERIMENT I'M PLANNING.

I'M NO LONGER INTERESTED IN SCIENCE! MY CAREER IS AT AN END! I'M GOING TO KILL A MAN WHO HAS COMMITTED A HEINOUS CRIME!



WHOA.. BETTER LET THE POLICE PUNISH CRIMINALS.

..BUT THE LAW DOES NOT LIST THIS CRIME! WOULDN'T YOU WANT TO KILL A MAN WHO MADE A SAVAGE BEAST OF YOUR DAUGHTER?

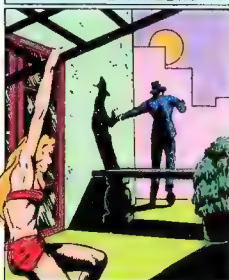


I'VE A BETTER IDEA. DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH UNTIL I RETURN.. THEN WE'LL VISIT DR. EGEL.. I'M SURE WE CAN RESTORE YOUR DAUGHTER.. THERE HAVE BEEN CASES LIKE THIS ON RECORD.. SUCH AS "THE BABOON BOY, OF GRAHAMSTOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.."

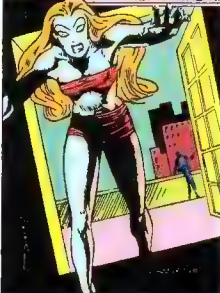


VERY WELL.

AS THE **SPIRIT** LEAVES, HE IS UNAWARE OF A STRANGE FIGURE LURKING IN THE SHADOWS...



IT IS **ELSA**! SILENTLY SHE LEADS INTO THE APARTMENT.



AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES SHE EMERGES, HER FACE SMEARED WITH A RED STAIN.. **BLOOD!!**



AN HOUR LATER THE **SPIRIT** RETURNS.

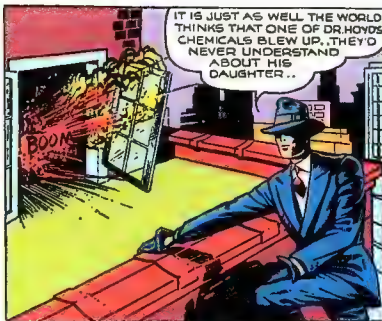


HIS THROAT IS SCRATCHED? HMM.. AND HE SAID HIS DAUGHTER WAS... OH, GOOD HEAVENS! IT IS TOO HORRIBLE!

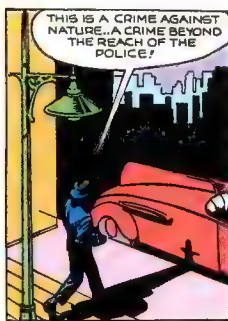




THE POLICE MUST NOT FIND HIM... ONLY ONE THING TO DO.

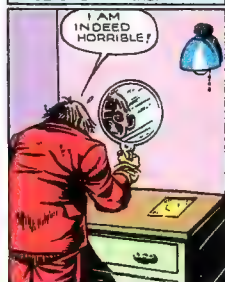


IT IS JUST AS WELL THE WORLD THINKS THAT ONE OF DR. HOYOS CHEMICALS BLEW UP... THEY'D NEVER UNDERSTAND ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER...



THIS IS A CRIME AGAINST NATURE... A CRIME BEYOND THE REACH OF THE POLICE!

IN HIS ROOM AT DR. EGEL'S HOME, ORANG, THE APE-MAN, MUSES BEFORE A MIRROR.



I AM INDEED HORRIBLE!



DR. EGEL.

YES, ORANG, WHAT IS IT?



I'VE JUST REALIZED THAT I AM... REALIZED THAT YOU ARE MY CREATOR... I THINK, WALK, TALK JUST LIKE A HUMAN... YET I AM NOT HUMAN!



I AM NOTHING! NEITHER APE NOR MAN! YOU ARE TO BLAME!... WHY COULD YOU NOT LEAVE NATURE ALONE? YOUR STUPID EGO HAS TWISTED ME TILL I AM A... A CREATURE!! CHANGE ME!

IMPOSSIBLE!



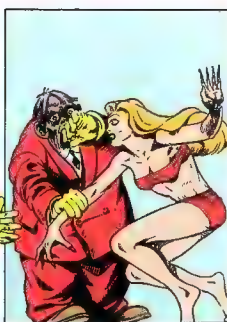
RETURN ME TO WHAT NATURE INTENDED ME TO BE!

KEEP BACK!

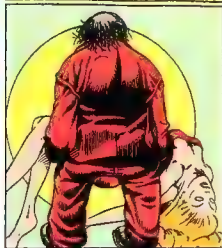


HA! I'LL TAME YOU! GET HIM!





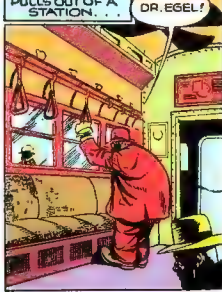
THE PRIMITIVE INSTINCTS OF THE APE RISE UP IN ORANG AFTER A MOMENT OF STRUGGLE THE BEAST GIRL LIES DEAD IN HIS POWERFUL ARMS.



ORANG TURNS TO LOOK FOR DR. EGEL.

THROUGH THE STREETS, HE FOLLOWS THE SCENT OF DR. EGEL.

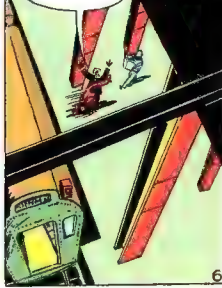
IN THE SUBWAY, A TRAIN SLOWLY PULLS OUT OF A STATION. . .

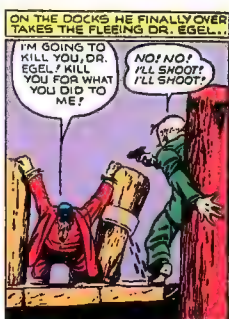


QUICKLY ORANG LEAPS TO THE DOORS.

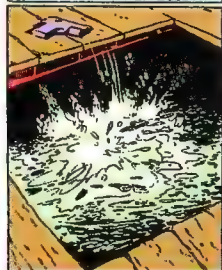
EXERTING THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN, HE RIPS THE DOORS OPEN AND LUNGES IN PURSUIT.

EXCUSE ME!

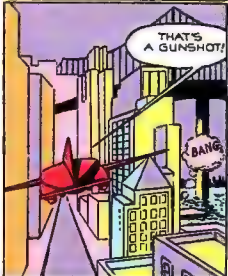




THE SQUIRMING DOCTOR IS EASY  
PREY TO THE NOW SAVAGE ORANG,  
AND THE APE HURLS HIM  
INTO THE WATER BELOW...



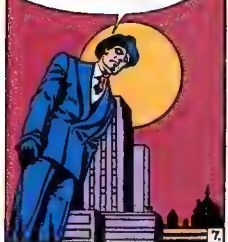
MEANWHILE THE SPIRIT, HOT ON  
THE TRAIL, LANDS NEARBY IN  
HIS AUTOPLANE.



BUT A RED STAIN IN THE BUBBLING  
WATER TELLS ITS OWN GRIM  
STORY....



THE MORE I FIGHT CRIME, THE  
CLEARER IT BECOMES... CRIME  
NEVER GOES UNPUNISHED...  
THE LAW OF NATURE, LIKE  
THE LAW OF MAN, IS NOT  
TO BE DEFIED?



**COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION**

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**THE RETURN OF ORANG,  
THE APE THAT IS HUMAN**

September 8, 1940

**3 COMPLETE  
STORIES**

*The* **SPIRIT**

THE MASTER CRIME FIGHTER KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS **THE SPIRIT**, IS REALLY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD. ONLY COMMISSIONER DOLAN KNOWS WHO HE IS. . . .

YES, EBONY, ALL I FOUND ON THE DOCK WAS HIS CLOTHES AND THE GUN HE SHOT HIMSELF WITH... THE BUBBLES IN THE WATER WERE THE ONLY SIGN OF ORANG, THE APE WHO COULD THINK LIKE A HUMAN!

DAT SHO WAS AN EXCITIN' CASE, MISTUH SPIRIT! GOLLY, DOES YU THINK HE IS REALLY DEAD?

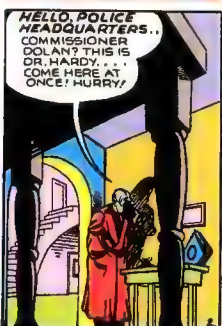
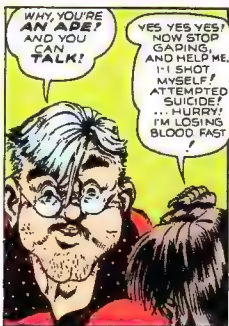
by *Will Eisner*

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**THE RETURN OF ORANG**  
THE APE THAT IS HUMAN!

OUT OF THE MURKY OIL-SPOTTED WATERS OF THE EAST RIVER RISES A GRIM FORM. SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, HE PULLS HIS HAIRY BODY ONTO A PIER..





IN A FEW MINUTES THE POLICE ARRIVE.

GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD... WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A TALKING APE?

SHH... HE'S COMING OUT OF THE ETHER.

OOOH... MY HEAD ACHES... WHO IS THIS MAN?

I'LL BE..

I'M COMMISSIONER DOLAN... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

WHAT FOR?

WELL... ER... THAT IS... WELL YOU CAN'T GO AROUND ACTIN'... THAT IS, TALKIN'... BESIDES, I'M POLICE COMMISSIONER AND CAN ARREST ANYONE I DARN PLEASE!

NO YOU CAN'T! I'VE HARMED NO ONE, JUST BECAUSE I'M AN APE AND CAN TALK?? THERE ARE MANY MEN ON THE FORCE WHO LOOK LIKE ME!

OH! FRESH, EH? HEY! WHERE YA GOIN'?

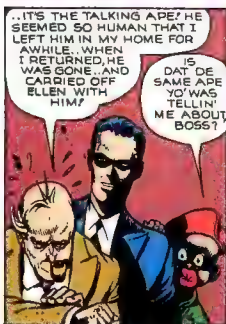
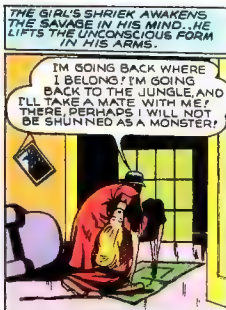
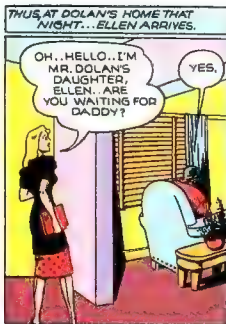
I DON'T KNOW... NOR DO I CARE!

I'VE AN IDEA SEE YOU AT HEADQUARTERS LATER?

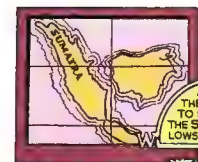
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! LISTEN... YOU'VE GOT NO PLACE TO STAY EXCEPT THE ZOO... HOW ABOUT STAYING AT MY HOUSE FOR TONIGHT, SO YOU'LL KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE?

OH... VERY WELL!

SLAM!

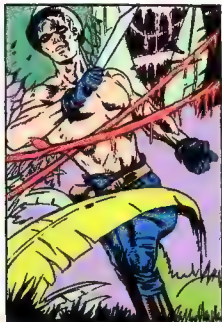




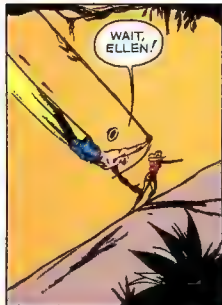


LEAVING HIS PLANE IN A LITTLE OUTPOST TOWN, THE SPIRIT SETS OUT ALONE INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLES.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC TO SUMATRA THE SPIRIT FOLLOWS THEIR TRAIL



AT LAST, ON THE DUSK OF THE FIFTH DAY, HE SEES A GIRL RUNNING ACROSS THE HORIZON . . . .



AT LAST, ELLEN RECOVERS.

FINDING YOU WASN'T HARD. THE TOWNSPEOPLE ALL ALONG THE COAST HEARD OF A STRANGE APE-MAN AND HIS GIRL COMPANION.

IT WAS HORRIBLE! MANY TIMES I TRIED TO ESCAPE HIM, BUT HE WATCHED ME....



LET'S HEAD BACK TO THE COAST!



OH OH! APES!



SURROUNDED!

SO, YOU STILL TRY TO ESCAPE ME. THIS IS THE JUNGLE. WHERE I AM SUPERIOR. TO MY TRIBE I AM NOT A FREAK!



TIE THEM UP! THEY SHALL PAY FOR CIVILIZATIONS CRUELTY TO ME! THEY SHALL PAY WITH THEIR LIVES!



AND AS A TROPICAL MOON THROWS ITS WEIRD GLOW ON A CLEARING, THE APES GATHER FOR THE CHANT OF DEATH FOR THE HUMANS.



DEATH TO THEM, MY BROTHERS. DEATH! DEATH!

IN THE CIRCLE OF OLDER APES, JEALOUS AAKA, DEPOSED BY ORANG, AROUSES HIS TRIBE.

"LISTEN TO ORANG, OUR BROTHER, HE SHRIEKS, HE IS NOT LIKE US!"...



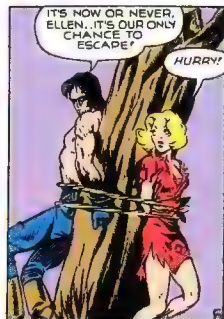
.. "HE SPEAKS LIKE WEAK HUMANS. YET HE WOULD LEAD US. I CHALLENGE HIM BY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE."

KEYED TO A WILD FRENZY, THE APES LEAP ON ORANG."



IT'S NOW OR NEVER, ELLEN. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

HURRY!



STRAINING  
EVERY  
MUSCLE,  
THE  
**SPRIT**  
SNAPS HIS  
BONDS

I'LL HAVE  
YOU FREE  
IN A  
SECOND,  
ELLEN!

THIS WAY!

BACK IN THE CLEARING, THE  
STRUGGLE HAS NARROWED  
DOWN TO ORANG AND  
AAKA. THE REST OF THE TRIBE  
FOLLOW THE FLEEING COUPLE.



UP THE MOUNTAIN,  
QUICK! ONCE THERE,  
WE'LL BE SAFE!

AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN  
THEY TURN, IN TIME TO SEE THE  
DEATH OF THE SAD ORANGS AT  
THE HANDS OF AAKA, HIS RIVAL.



WEEKS LATER, ON A SMALL  
LINER ENTERING NEW YORK HAR-  
BOR....

PENNY FOR YOUR  
THOUGHTS,  
MR SPRIT.

...ER. THINKING  
OF POOR  
ORANG.

(IS THAT ALL?  
DOESN'T  
MOONLIGHT  
MEAN  
ANYTHING  
TO YOU?)

NO...OF  
COURSE  
NOT.

ARE  
YOU  
**SURE?**

WELL,  
COME TO  
THINK OF  
IT...NO!



**COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION**

**EBONY'S X-RAY EYES**

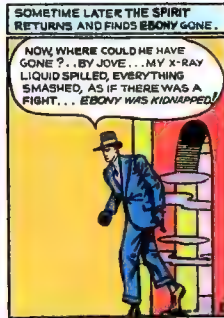
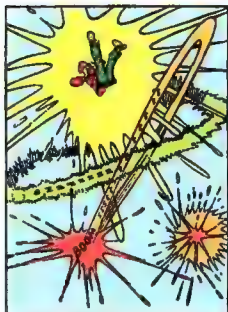
September 15, 1940

**3 COMPLETE  
STORIES**

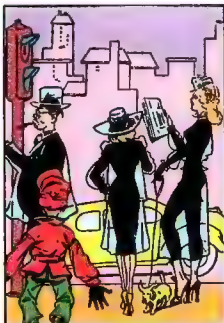
*The* **SPRIT** BY *Will Eisner*



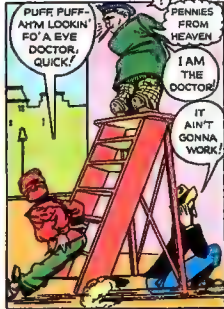
ONE DAY NOT SO LONG AGO, THE WELL KNOWN CRIMINOLOGIST, DENNY COLT, WAS ANNOUNCED DEAD AND BURIED IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, BUT 24 HOURS LATER HE AWOKED FROM HIS COMA, AND BUILT HEAD-QUARTERS UNDER THE CEMETERY WHERE HE CONTINUES TO FIGHT CRIME AS **THE SPRIT**, ASSISTED ONLY BY A FAITHFUL YOUNG FRIEND, EBONY. . . .



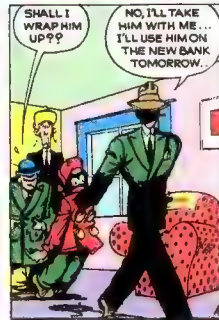
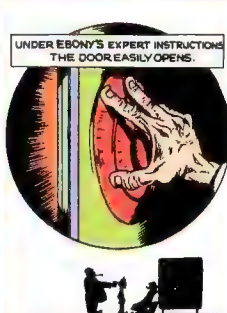
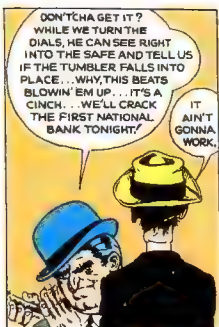
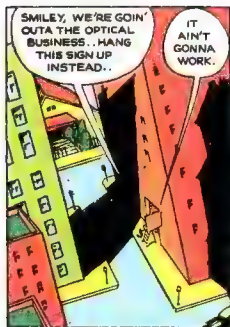
MEANWHILE LET'S FOLLOW  
POOR EBONY AS HE WANDERS  
THROUGH THE STREETS...



NOW, LET US LOOK IN ON TWO  
"GENTLEMEN OF CHANCE"







AT THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,  
THE SPIRIT, SEARCHING FOR  
EBONY, COMES UPON A CLUE



HMM THE  
CROOKS DON'T  
USE ANY TOOLS  
MUST BE THE  
GANG THAT  
KIDNAPPED  
EBONY!  
BECAUSE THEY'RE  
USING MY X-RAY  
IN SOME WAY

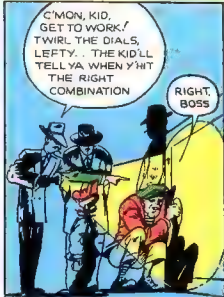
AT  
THE  
NEW  
BANK.



IF I KNOW CRIMINALS,  
THOSE EGGS WILL TRY  
THIS BANK TONIGHT,  
AND I'LL BE INSIDE  
WAITING FOR THEM.  
THESE OXYGEN CAPSULES  
WILL SUPPLY ME WITH  
ENOUGH AIR FOR HOURS



LATE THAT NIGHT IN THE BANK . .



C'MON, KID,  
GET TO WORK!  
TWIRL THE DIALS,  
LEFTY. . THE KID'LL  
TELL YA WHEN Y'HT  
THE RIGHT  
COMBINATION

RIGHT,  
BOSS

BUT AS EBONY LOOKS  
INTO THE VAULT . . .



GOLLY!  
IF DEY  
OPEN IT  
AND SEE HIM,  
DEY'LL SHOOT  
HIM! DEY  
GOT GUNS  
AH GOT  
TO SAVE  
THE SPIRIT.



AH REFUSE TO  
DO IT . . N-NO  
MATTER WHAT  
.. EVEN IF YO'  
SHOOT ME.



SHOOTIN'S TOO  
GOOD FOR YOU,  
PUNK!



C'MON, I  
WANNA GET  
MY HANDS ON  
'NIFTY' DUGAN.  
.. SELL ME A  
PHONEY, WILL  
HE?!

AFTER THEY LEAVE,  
EBONY RISES WEAKLY.



GONE! NOW'S  
MY CHANCE TO  
RELEASE THE SPIRIT  
.. AH'LL OPEN  
THE SAFE  
MYSELF!

BUT.

HOLY JUMPIN'  
JEEHOSOPHAT!  
AH CAN'T SEE  
THROUGH  
THINGS N-NO!  
AH JES SEES  
REVERSE NOW!



THE SPIRIT'LL  
NEVER GET OUTA  
THERE NOW. . .  
AH'LL GO GET  
SOME DYNAMITE  
TO BLOW IT  
OPEN!

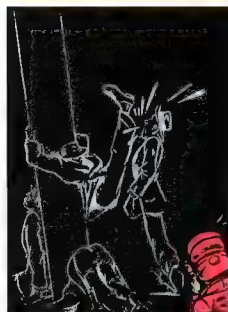


WONDER  
WHAT'S KEEPING  
THOSE YEGGS?  
I HOPE NOTHING  
HAS HAPPENED  
TO EBONY!

WHILE EBONY IS GONE, THE CROOKS RETURN WITH SMILEY AND NIFTY. . .



EBONY RETURNS. . .







September 22, 1940

Copyright, 1940, by Everett M. Arnold



THE WELL KNOWN CRIME FIGHTER, KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS THE **SPIRIT**, IS IN REALITY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD. FROM HIS BIG LABORATORY IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, HE SECRETELY AID SOCIETY IN ITS WAR AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL.....

ONLY POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN KNOWS THE **SPIRIT**'S TRUE IDENTITY.

THE SILENCE OF A PEACEFUL NIGHT IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY A CAREENING CAR BEARING DOWN UPON A LONE MAN WHO RUNS FOR COVER. UGLY GUNS POKE OUT OF ITS WINDOWS.

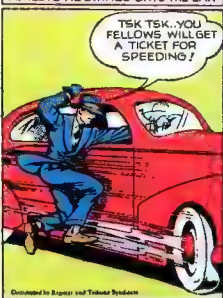
OH OH!  
A GANG  
KILLING!



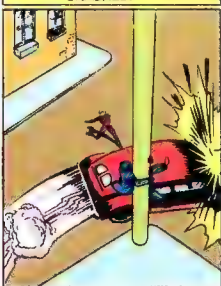
LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, THE **SPIRIT** DIVES, AS THE CAR WHIZZES BY HIM.



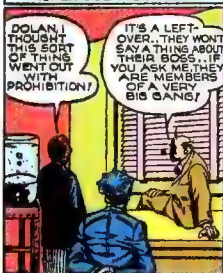
AND WITH THE GRACE OF A TRAINED ATHLETE HE SWINGS ONTO THE CAR



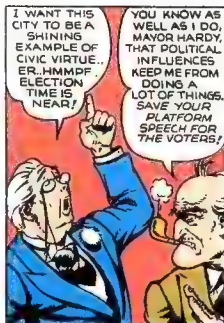
A SICKENING SCREECH....IT SWERVES PAST THE MAN AND CRASHES.



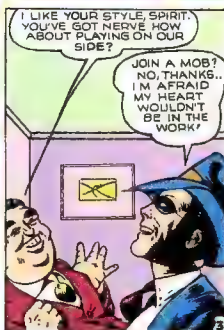
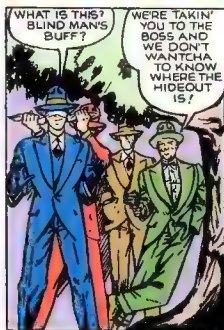
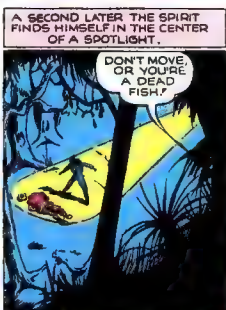
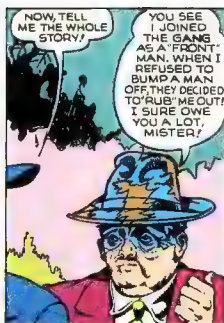
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NEWS OF THE ATTEMPTED GANG MURDER BRINGS THE MAYOR INTO COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE.

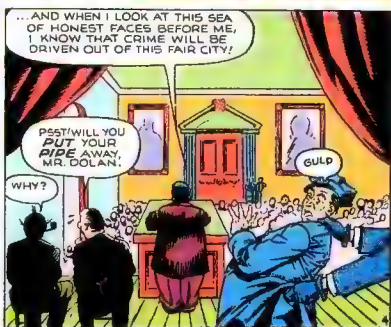
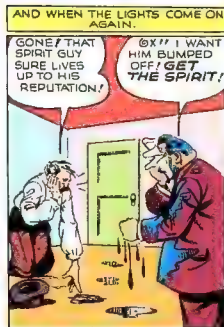
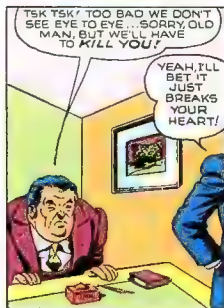
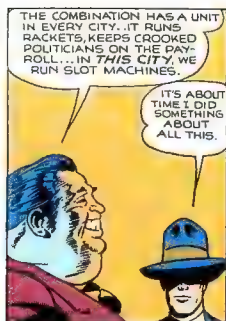
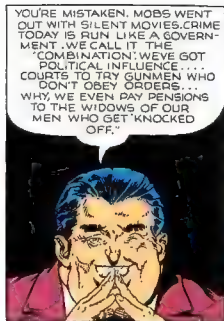


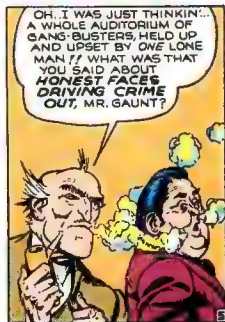
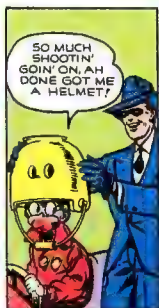
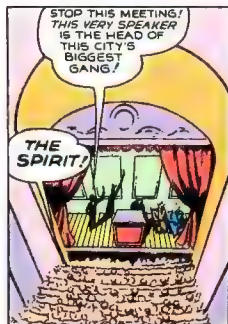




MEAN-  
WHILE,  
AT  
WILDWOOD  
CEMETERY

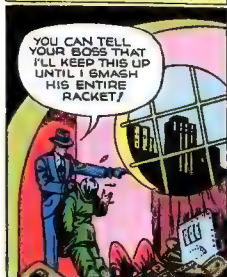








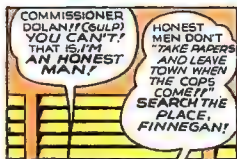
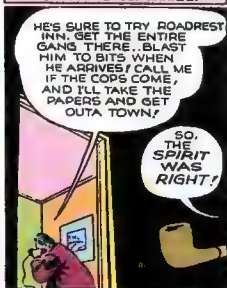
LIKE AN UNLEASHED TORNADO THE **SPIRIT** ROARS THROUGH THE CITY IN A ONE-MAN RAID ON GAMBLING JOINTS.....



THE COMBINATION WILL GIT YA FOR THIS!



AT GANG HEADQUARTERS, VAN GAUNT ACTS TO COPE WITH THE **SPIRIT'S** BLITZKRIEG.



A SLIDING PANEL AND A SAFE! GOOD WORK, FINNEGAN!



YOU'VE GOT ME NOW, BUT I'LL GET EVEN. I'VE GOT FRIENDS!



YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW THEY DISAPPEAR WHEN YOU'RE IN JAIL!

AT THE ROADREST INN, A GRIM GANG GREETE THE **SPIRIT** WITH A HAIL OF LEAD.



YO' IS HIT, BOSS!



JUST A NICK... KEEP LOW! I'M GOING DOWN AND MIX IT WITH THEM!



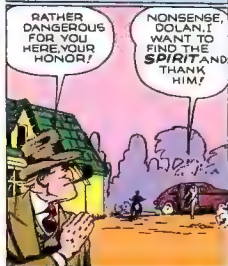
IN THE CENTER OF A DEADLY CROSSFIRE, THE **SPIRIT** MAKES FOR THE HOUSE... THE GANGSTER'S SUB-THOMPSON DEALING DEATH TO THE KILLERS.



BUT THE RETREATING GANGSTERS RUN INTO A POLICE SQUAD.



AT THAT MOMENT THE MAYOR, ESCORTED BY MOTORCYCLES, DRIVES UP.

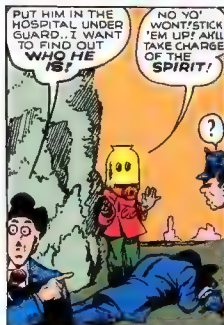


NONSENSE, DOLAN. I WANT TO FIND THE **SPIRIT** AND THANK HIM!

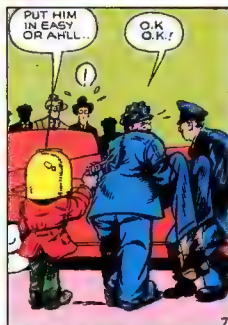
AS IF IN ANSWER, THE **SPIRIT** STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS.



HE'S WOUNDED?



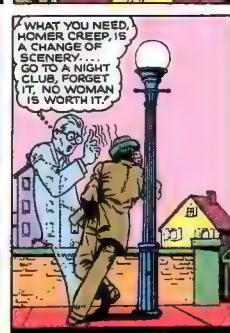
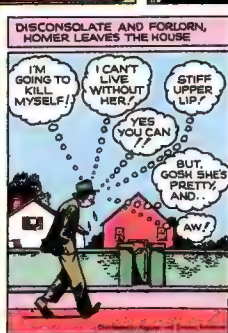
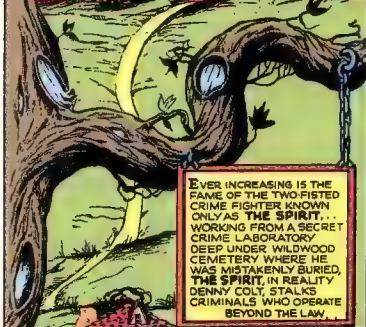
NO YO' WON'T STICK 'EM UP! AKILL TAKE CHARGE OF THE **SPIRIT**!



AND WHEN THE **SPIRIT** COMES TO, HE IS SAFE IN HIS LABORATORY BENEATH WILDWOOD CEMETERY.

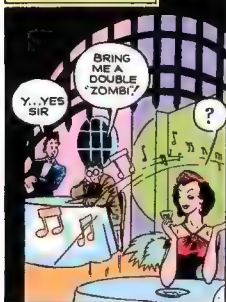


HA HA! EBONY, YOU'RE A LOYAL KID, AND I WON'T FORGET IT!

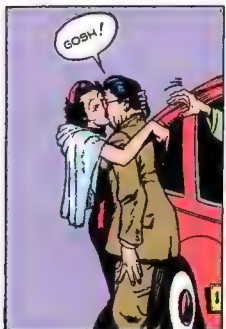
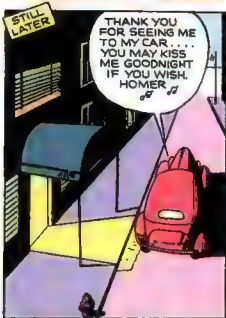




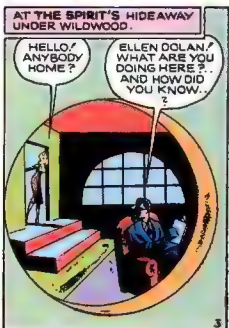
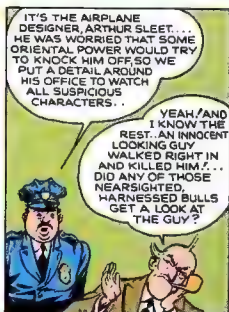
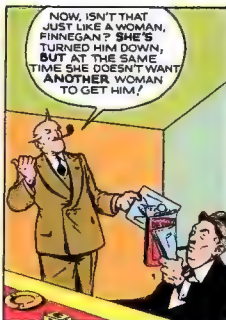
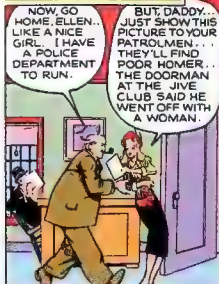
THE 'DIZZY JIVE CLUB'

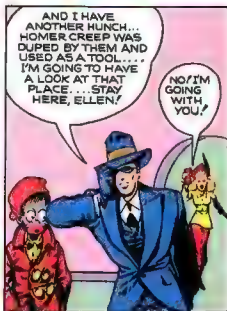
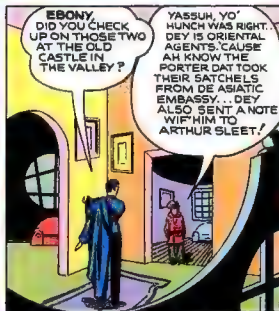


AT ANOTHER TABLE...



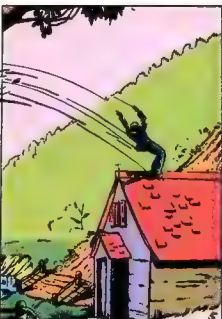
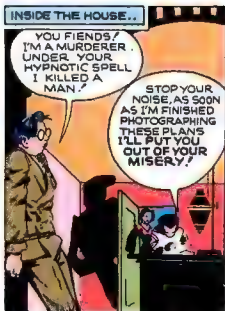
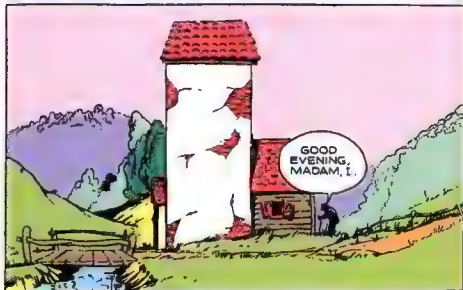
IN COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE, 24 HOURS LATER...

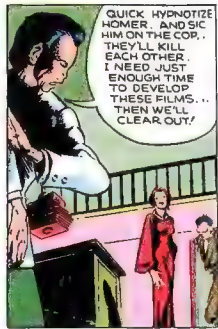


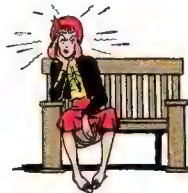
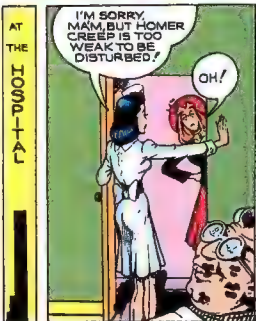
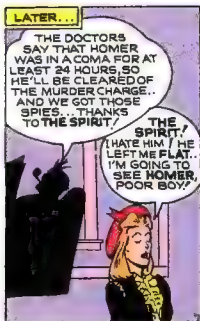
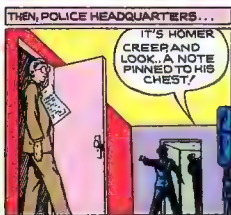
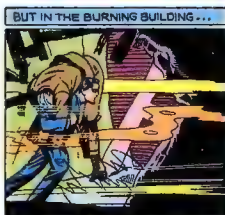




THUS, DISGUISED AS AN OLD MAN THE SPIRIT APPEARS AT THE DOOR OF THE OLD MANSION IN THE SECLUDED VALLEY. . . . .









October 6, 1940

*The* **SPYRIT**

BY **Will Eisner**

DENNY COLT, A YOUNG CRIMINOLOGIST, BELIEVED TO HAVE LOST HIS LIFE IN A FIGHT AGAINST CRIME, WAS BURIED IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION. HE AWOKE ONE DAY IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY TO CARRY ON HIS STRUGGLE. ... HIS TRUE IDENTITY KNOWN ONLY TO POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN, HE IS FEARED BY CRIMINALS OF ALL STRIPES AS THE **SPYRIT**

**THE MASTERMIND STRIKES!**

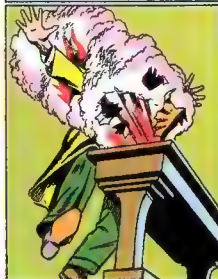
ONE NIGHT AS J. PENNINGTON CLARKE, CAMPAIGN MANAGER FOR JOEL KENNER, CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR, RETURNS TO HIS HOME.



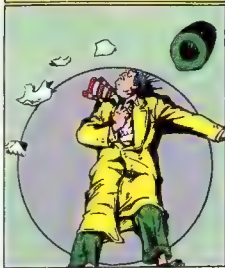
Continued by Langstaff and Tichauer



... HE OPENS THE PACKAGE.. IT EXPLODES, HURLING GAS INTO HIS FACE. ...



AS MR. CLARKE LIES ON THE FLOOR, STONE DEAD, THE GAS EVAPORATES INTO NOTHINGNESS, LEAVING NO CLUE.

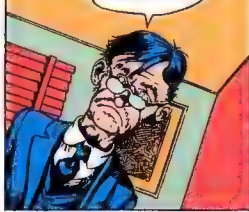


AFTER THE BODY IS DISCOVERED, THE POLICE ARRIVE.

NO FINGERPRINTS!  
ONLY A TORN  
PACKAGE. BAH!  
WHAT DO YOU  
FIND, CORONER?



THIS BEATS  
EVERYTHING!  
HEART NORMAL,  
BODY IN PERFECT  
CONDITION. I'LL HAVE  
TO PERFORM AN  
AUTOPSY BEFORE  
I CAN TELL WHAT  
KILLED HIM!



JOEL KENNER AND HIS ASSISTANT MANAGER, BRODY, PAY AN UNCOMPLIMENTARY VISIT TO POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN.

THIS MURDER IS A  
PERFECT EXAMPLE OF  
THE INCOMPETENCE  
OF THE POLICE, UNDER  
THE PRESENT ADMINISTRA-  
TION! GAS KILLED CLARKE,  
AND YOU CAN'T  
TRACE IT!

GO  
ON!



HELLO! DID I HEAR  
OF A MURDER?  
PERHAPS I'LL  
FIND THE MASTERMIND  
FOR YOU!

(GULP)  
WHO'S  
THAT?



THE SPIRIT?!  
COMMISSIONER  
DOLAN ARREST THAT  
MAN FOR THE  
MURDERS OF  
CLARKE AND  
THAYER!



GET HIM, BRODY!  
WE'LL TAKE THE  
CREDIT AND PROVE  
TO THE PEOPLE  
HOW UNTRUSTWORTHY  
THE POLICE ARE!



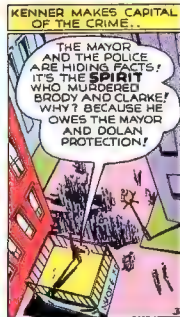
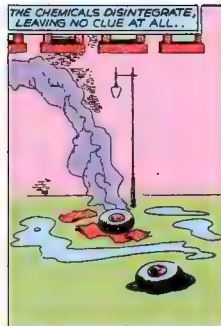
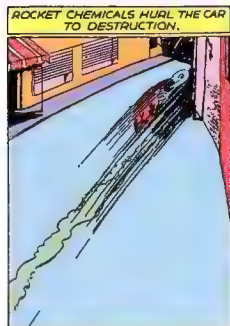
SORRY, BUT I DON'T  
LIKE TO BE COOPED  
UP. I'M A FRESH  
AIR FIEND!



SHOOT  
THAT  
MAN!

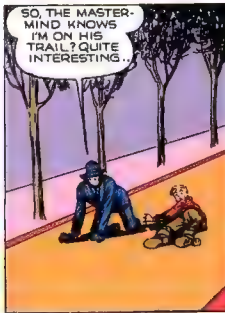
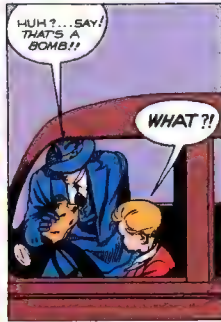
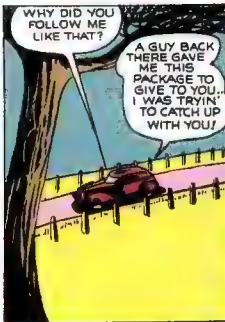
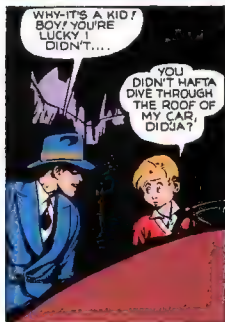
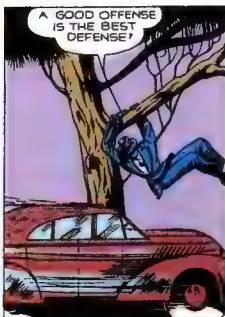
I'LL PUT ON A  
SHOW FOR MR  
KENNER'S  
BENEFIT. BY  
SHOOTING  
ABOVE THE  
SPIRIT!

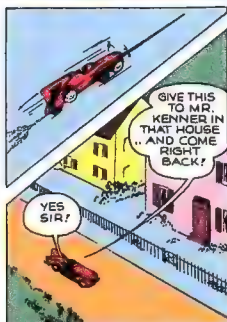


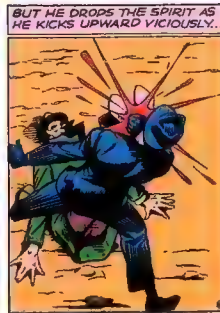
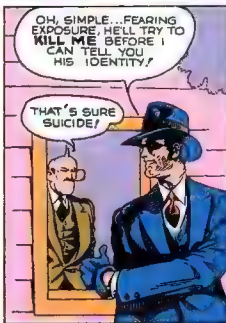




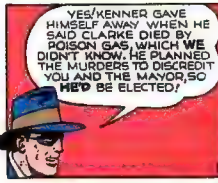
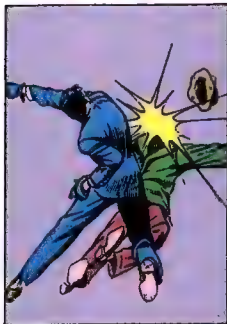
AFTER THE POLITICAL MEETING IS OVER, THE **SPRIT** TAKES A WALK...











October 13, 1940

# THE SPIRIT! WHO IS HE?

Daily Press launches campaign to discover identity of mysterious crime fighter. "Are you society's friend or foe?" asks editor Robert E. Grit.

Ever since his mysterious aid in the capture of Dr. Cobra, an escaped mad killer, the mystery man, known only as The Spirit, has secretly helped the police in many ways.

According to information collected by our reporters stationed at Police Headquarters, the solutions of most of the major crimes in our city were due to the efforts of The Spirit.

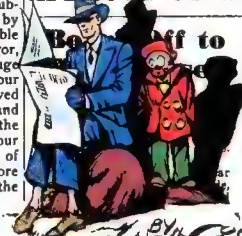
It was The Spirit who really smashed Tony Morgan's gambling chain. The fantastic attempt by this country's big gang leaders to rob the Sub-Treasury was frustrated by The Spirit. From reliable sources we learn that Yagor, the fiendish creator of the huge robot that ran amuck in our city not long ago, was believed to have been captured and placed in the hands of the police by The Spirit. The four Morger boys had the name of The Spirit on their lips before they were executed by the State.

On one hand he is obviously aiding society, yet on the other this mystery man is accused of causing the death of Eldas Thayer, a respected citizen, and is branded an outlaw by the Police.

What is the explanation? Who is The Spirit?

His description, offered by persons who have seen him, is: over six feet tall, wears a blue mask and blue suit. Any information leading to the identity of The Spirit will be appreciated and kept confidential. All correspondence should be addressed to the editor.

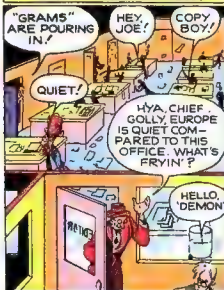
## MAYOR AND CIVIC LEADERS APPROVE OF PRESS CAMPAIGN



In a letter addressed to this newspaper today, the Mayor, speaking for himself and the various civic societies, said that he approved highly of this new campaign to learn the identity of The Spirit. "His frequent escapes," he added, "have made a laughing stock of the Police Force and The Spirit's continued exploits lowers the prestige of our law enforcement bodies."

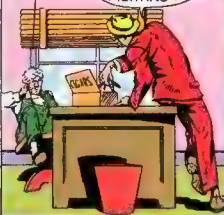
BY WILL EISNER

IN THE HECTIC OFFICES OF EDITOR GRIT OF THE DAILY PRESS...



THOUGHT YOU WERE IN EUROPE COVERING THE WAR

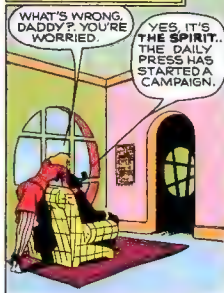
GOT KICKED OUT KEPT FINDING OUT THINGS I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO... SO THEY STOPPED THE WAR... KICKED ME OUT, AND THEN CONTINUED FIGHTING.



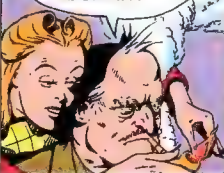
GOOD! YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I NEED. 'DEMON' BEALY, YOUR NEW ASSIGNMENT IS **FIND THE SPIRIT'S IDENTITY!**



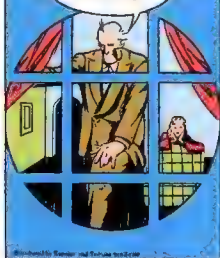
AT THE HOME OF POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN.



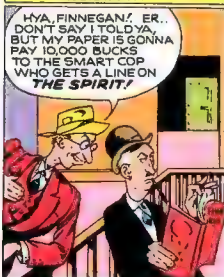
I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS HIS **REAL** IDENTITY, AND IF THE OLD MURDER CHARGE AGAINST HIM IS NOT CLEARED, I'LL HAVE TO ARREST HIM... IT'LL BE MY DUTY... YET I KNOW HE'S NOT A THIEF OR A KILLER... HE'S JUST USING THE FACT THAT THE WORLD BELIEVES HIM TO BE DEAD TO FIGHT CRIME AS **THE SPIRIT**.



THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN... IF THEY FIND OUT, **THE SPIRIT IS THROUGH.**



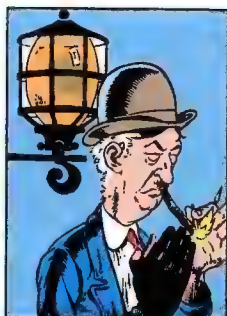
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, DEMON ACCOSTS DOLAN'S ASSISTANT.



THAT NIGHT, IN DOLAN'S OFFICE



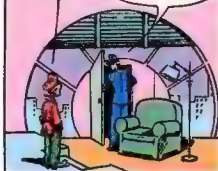




MEANWHILE AT WILDWOOD CEMETERY, THE REAL **SPIRIT** DISCUSSES NEW PLANS WITH HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, **EBONY**

DID YO' READ D' PAPERS, **MIST' SPIRIT** BOSS?

YES, **EBONY**, AND I'M GOING TO CLEAR MYSELF OF THAT MURDER CHARGE ONCE AND FOR ALL!

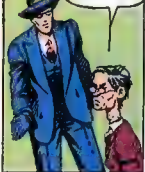


AT "HAPPY" THE CORONER'S OFFICE, **THE SPIRIT** HOLDS A REVIEW OF THE DEATH OF **ELDAS THAYER**...



YOU SAY YOU FOUND HIM LYING FACE DOWN ?? THAT'S ODD... A MAN USUALLY FALLS TOWARD HIS MURDERER... IT'S AN INSTINCTIVE MOTION.

YEAH, BY GOLLY YER RIGHT.



AND NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, THE KNIFE WASN'T IMBEDDED VERY DEEP... BESIDES, I HEARD DR. CLAY SAY HE WAS GOING TO DIE OF HEART TROUBLE ANYHOW.

LINE UP THE EVIDENCE AND PRESENT IT TO THE MAYOR.



AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

TELL ME, **DOLAN**, WHAT IS THIS CHARGE AGAINST HIM?



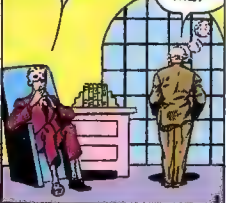
WELL, MR. MAYOR, WE FOUND OLD **ELDAS THAYER** IN HIS APARTMENT DYING... A KNIFE IN HIS BACK...

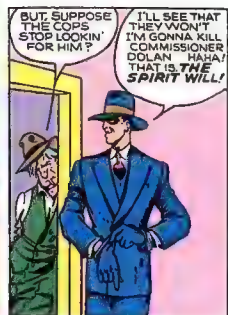
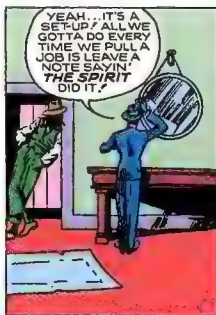
**THE SPIRIT** CAME TO MY OFFICE LATER AND ADMITTED COMING FROM **THAYER'S** HOUSE.



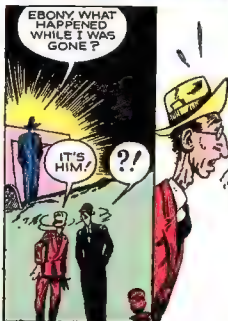
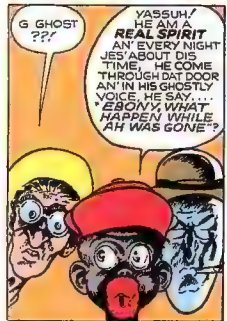
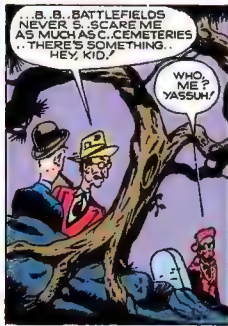
YES, YES, I KNOW, I WAS THERE AT THE TIME... WELL, UNLESS THERE'S SOME PRETTY STRONG EVIDENCE, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS BAD FOR **THE SPIRIT**.

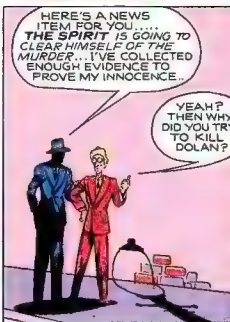
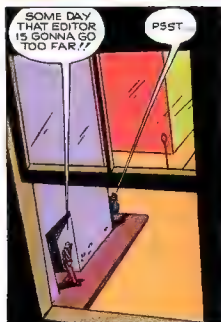
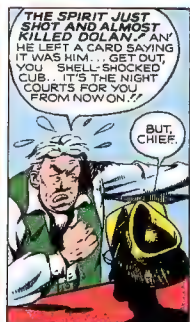
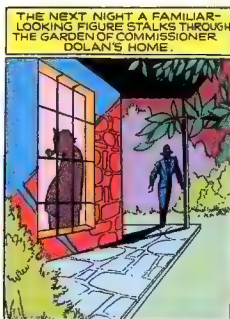
YOU'RE TELLING ME!





MEANWHILE, TO MAKE MATTERS MORE COMPLICATED...WE FIND FINNEGAN AND DEMON ENTERING WILDWOOD CEMETERY.....







AT MERCY HOSPITAL.



DOLAN,  
WHO DID  
IT?

I DON'T KNOW.  
KID...YOU'D BETTER  
GET OUT OF TOWN..  
SOMEONE IS TRYING  
TO PIN ANOTHER  
KILLING ON YOU,  
SPIRIT.

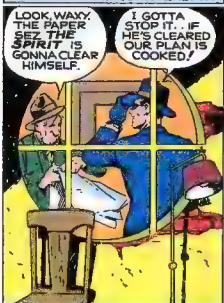


I'M  
GOING  
TO CLEAR  
MYSELF  
OF BOTH.



THIS IS THE MOST  
COMPLICATED BUSINESS  
I EVER SAW..

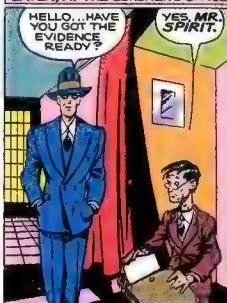
AT GANG HEADQUARTERS.....



LOOK WAXY.  
THE PAPER  
SEZ THE  
SPIRIT IS  
GONNA CLEAR  
HIMSELF.

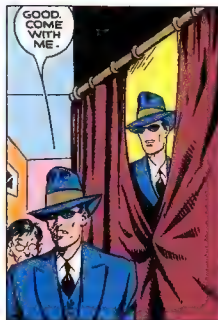
I GOTTA  
STOP IT.. IF  
HE'S CLEARED  
OUR PLAN IS  
COOKED!

LATER, AT THE CORONER'S OFFICE.



HELLO...HAVE  
YOU GOT THE  
EVIDENCE  
READY?

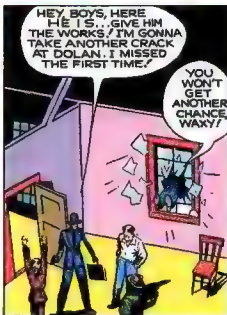
YES, MR.  
SPIRIT.



GOOD.  
COME  
WITH  
ME.



NAW...I AIN'T  
THE SPIRIT, BUT  
DON'T LET THAT WORRY  
YA, 'CAUSE YOU AIN'T  
GONNA TELL ANY-  
ONE.



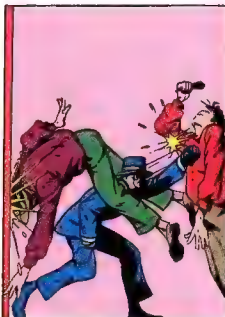
HEY BOYS, HERE  
HE IS.. GIVE HIM  
THE WORKS. I'M GONNA  
TAKE ANOTHER CRACK  
AT DOLAN. I MISSED  
THE FIRST TIME.

YOU WON'T  
GET  
ANOTHER  
CHANCE,  
WAXY!



THE  
SPIRIT!

YES, AND  
I'M GOING TO  
GIVE YOU A  
LITTLE LESSON  
YOU WON'T  
FORGET.

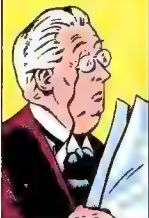


NEXT DAY AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...

ACCORDING TO THIS TESTIMONY, THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT ELIAS THAYER COMMITTED SUICIDE AND BLAMED THE SPIRIT.



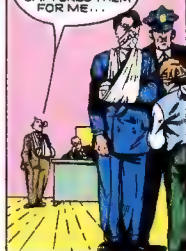
I ALSO FOUND OUT THAT IT WAS THE SPIRIT WHO WAS THE BLOOD DONOR WHO SAVED MARY THAYER'S LIFE.



NOW, DOLAN, WHAT ABOUT THOSE MEN WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU?



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM, OR WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM, AFTER THE SPIRIT CAPTURED THEM FOR ME...



LATER THAT SAME DAY, THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY PRESS PHONES COMMISSIONER DOLAN...

...BUT, COMMISSIONER, I STILL DON'T HAVE MY QUESTION ANSWERED! WHO IS THE SPIRIT, AND WHAT DOES HE STAND FOR?



HE IS THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM, THE SPIRIT THAT COMES TO THE AID OF THE DOWNTRODDEN, THE WEAK AND THE HELPLESS, HE IS THE SPIRIT THAT DESTROYS THOSE WHO SEEK TO ENSLAVE THEIR FELLOWMEN... EVIL MEN CAN TWIST THE LAW TO SUIT THEMSELVES... THEY CAN BRIBE AND CHEAT... LOOPHOLES IN THE LAW ALLOW THEM TO EVEN KILL... BUT THEY CANNOT EVADE THE SPIRIT, FOR HE KNOWS ONLY ONE LAW... THE FREEDOM OF MAN, AND AS LONG AS THE SPIRIT IS ALIVE, HE WILL WAGE A RELENTLESS WAR AGAINST THE CRIMINALS WHO LIVE BEYOND THE LAW...



HEY CHIEF I GOT A NEW ANGLE ON THAT SPIRIT CASE... NOW, IF...

"SKIP IT, 'DEMON' I'M SENDING YOU BACK TO EUROPE... I THINK I KNOW ALL I WANT TO ABOUT THE SPIRIT."



COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION

OGRE GORAN

3 COMPLETE  
STORIES

October 20, 1940

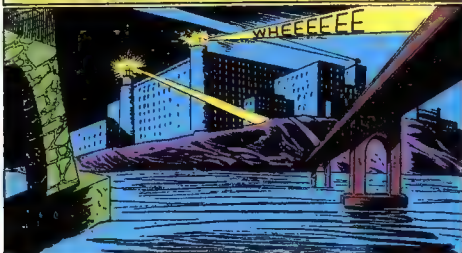
Copyright 1940, by Everett M. Arnold

THE WORLD BELIEVES DENNY COLT TO BE DEAD .... DENNY COLT IS IN REALITY THE **SPiRiT**, FAMOUS CRIME FIGHTER, WHO STALKS THE CRIMINALS BEYOND THE LAW... SEEKING NO GLORY, UNHAMPERED BY CONVENTIONS, THE **SPiRiT** SECRETLY AIDS THE POLICE IN SOCIETY'S NEVER-ENDING WAR ON CRIME... ONLY POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN KNOWS HIS TRUE IDENTITY.....





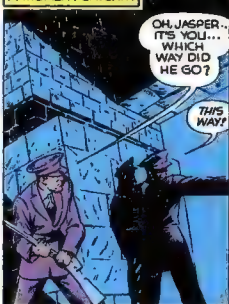
WITH THE SUDDEN FEROCY OF AN AIR RAID WARNING, THE SIRENS SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE WALLS OF STATE PEN' PRISON BREAK INTO A NERVE-SHATTERING WAIL...ALL AT ONCE THE GREY WALLS ARE ALIVE WITH MEN. SEARCHLIGHTS PROBE THE NIGHT...IT IS A PRISON BREAK! OGRE GORAN HAS ESCAPED ! ! ! .....



A GUARD SPRINTS ACROSS THE YARD...



A MOMENT LATER...



THE GUARD TURNS...



DARTING WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED BETWEEN THE BATTERY OF BEAMS, THE FIGURE REACHES THE WALL...



ACROSS  
THE  
RIVER IN  
THE  
CHEERFUL  
WARMTH  
OF A  
BIG CITY  
APARTMENT.



NOW, MARY, STOP  
YOUR FRETTING.  
THERE'S NO REASON  
FOR GORAN TO  
COME HERE... HE  
KNOWS YOU  
MARRIED ME!

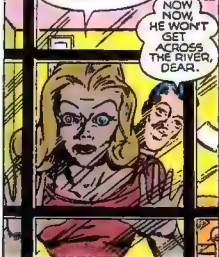


THAT'S  
JUST  
IT,  
DEAR!

I'LL NEVER FORGET HIS EYES  
WHEN I FOUND OUT HE WAS  
A-A CROOK, AND TOLD HIM  
I'D NOT MARRY HIM!



ALL HE SAID WAS, "I  
ALWAYS GET WHAT I  
WANT, MARY....  
ALWAYS!"



NOW  
NOW,  
HE NOWT  
GET  
ACROSS  
THE RIVER,  
DEAR.

THE RADIO JUST  
ANNOUNCED  
THAT A DRAGNET  
IS BEING SPREAD!

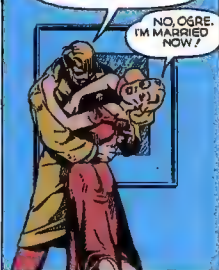


NEVER BELIEVE WHAT  
YOU HEAR ABOUT ME!  
TURN OFF THE  
LIGHT..NOW!



OGRE!

THAT'S BETTER...GLAD TO  
SEE ME, MARY? I'VE COME  
FOR YOU..TAKE YOU WITH  
ME TO SOUTH AMERICA!



NO, OGRE.  
I'M MARRIED  
NOW!

FOR A MOMENT THE PASSING  
BEAM OF AN AUTO IN THE  
STREET LIGHTS UP OGRE'S FACE.



I ALWAYS  
GET WHAT I  
WANT, MARY..  
ALWAYS!

NO..NO! PLEASE  
**STOP!** FOR  
HEAVEN'S  
SAKE!



AS HER HUSBAND SLUMPS LIFE-  
LESS TO THE FLOOR, MARY'S FACE  
GROWS HARD...HER EYES GLEAM  
WITH SAVAGE FURY.



Y-YOU BEAST! YOU  
HORRIBLE  
FIEND!

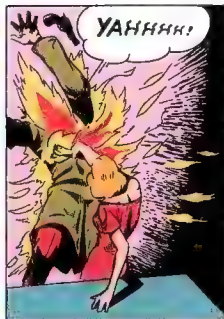
WITH THE SPEED OF SUDDEN MADNESS, MARY LEAPS... SEIZES A LARGE CAN OF ALCOHOL...



HIS ALCOHOL-SOAKED CLOTHES QUICKLY BURST INTO FLAMES... IN A WILD FRENZY HE LEAPS ABOUT FRANTICALLY, SETTING THE ENTIRE HOUSE AFIRE.



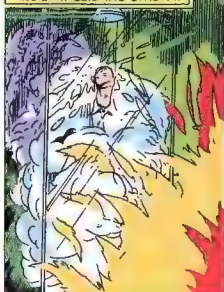
DRENCHED WITH THE LIQUID, HE PURSUES HER FROM ROOM TO ROOM.



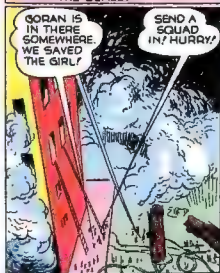
THE HOUSE NOW A BLAZING INFERNO, GORAN REACHES THE BATHROOM... WITH BLISTERED FINGERS HE TURNS THE KNOB OF A SHOWER.



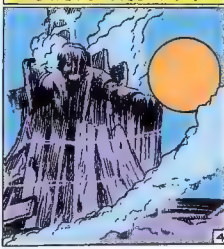
AND FLINGS HIMSELF UNDER ITS EXTINGUISHING STREAM.



THE POLICE AND FIREMEN SOON ARRIVE AND RESCUE MARY FROM THE BLAZE.

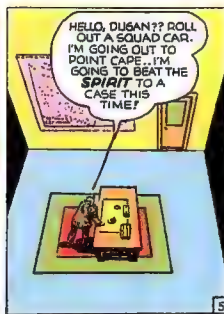


BUT AS THE WAIL OF THE ENGINES DIES IN THE DISTANCE, A HORRIBLE CHARRED FORM RISES FROM THE WRECKAGE AND STUMBLES AWAY INTO THE RISING FOG...





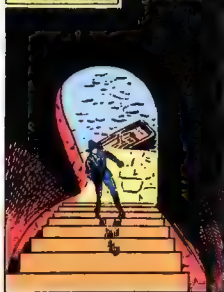
SEVERAL DAYS LATER UNDER WILDWOOD CEMETERY WHERE THE **SPIRIT** AND HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND EBONY PLAN AND EXPERIMENT ON NEW WAYS OF COMBATING CRIME.



AT POINT CAPE...IT IS DARK...THE WIND HAS DIED DOWN AND THE MOON HIDES BEHIND A BLACK CLOUD..THE WHISPER OF MUFFLED OARS FLOATS ACROSS THE PLACID WATERS AS A BOAT GLIDES GHOST-LIKE THROUGH THE MIST.



AT THE FOOT OF THE LIGHTHOUSE



HA HA HA! A VISITOR? THE SPIRIT NO LESS!

HAW HAW YOURSELF? PUT AWAY THAT GUN, OGRE GORAN, THE GAMES UP!

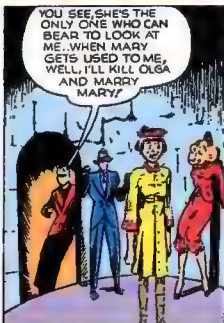


WHERE IS MARY COWAN?

OH, UPSTAIRS, BEING COMFORTED BY MY WIFE OLGA!



YOU SEE, SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN BEAR TO LOOK AT ME..WHEN MARY GETS USED TO ME, WELL, I'LL KILL OLGA AND MARRY MARY!

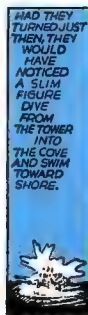
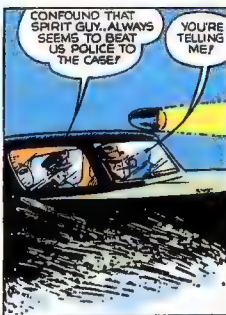
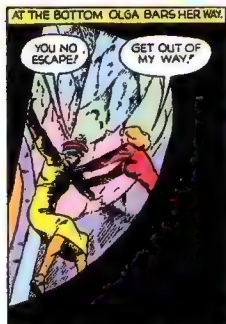


A VERY NICE IDEA, BUT I'M GOING TO INTERRUPT YOUR PLANS...COME, MARY!



NAUGHTY NAUGHTY, MR. SPIRIT? HA HA HA!







COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION

CONSCRIPTION BILL SIGNED

3 COMPLETE  
STORIES

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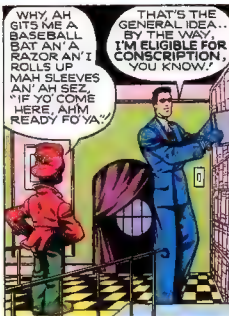
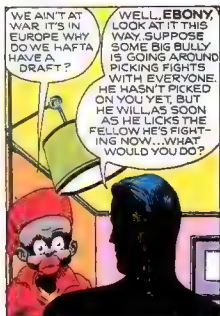
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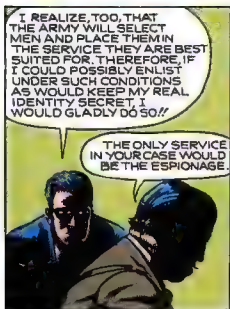
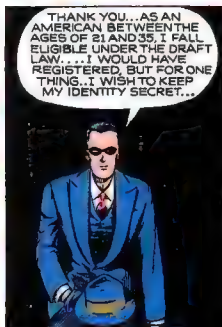
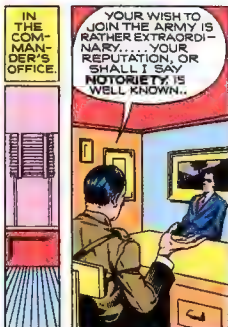
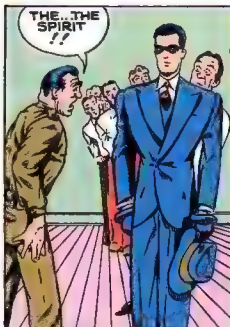
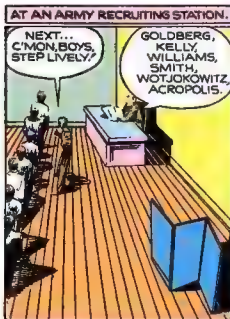
# The SPIRIT CONSCRIPTION BILL SIGNED!



MANY MONTHS AGO, DENNY COLT, A YOUNG CRIMINOLOGIST, TRACKED DOWN A DESPERATE MAD KILLER, DR. COBRA... IN THE STRUGGLE THAT FOLLOWED, A HUGE VAT WAS SMASHED AND COLT WAS DRENCHED WITH THE LIQUID... HOURS LATER THE POLICE ARRIVED AND FOUND HIM IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION... BELIEVING HIM DEAD, THEY BURIED HIM IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY... THE NEXT DAY, COLT REVIVED, BROKE OUT OF HIS GRAVE, AND AS THE SPIRIT RESUMED HIS CAREER OF CRIME BUSTING.

By  
Will  
Eisner



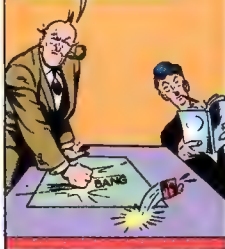


MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF  
POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN..

HMM...THE F.B.I.  
WANTED A LINE ON  
THE SPIRIT...SO I  
ANSWERED THAT HE  
WAS A MAN OF HIGH  
COURAGE AND A LOYAL  
AMERICAN...I WONDER  
WHAT'S UP?

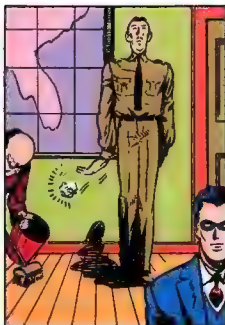
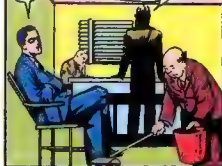


BY JUPITER! THAT  
KID'S GETTING MY GOAT..  
CONSTANTLY SCOOPING  
ME ON THE BEST CASES..



AT MILITARY HEADQUARTERS  
IN WASHINGTON, A STAFF  
MEETING IS BEING HELD TO  
DECIDE THE APPOINTMENT OF  
THE SPIRIT..

HRMF..BECAUSE  
OF THE UNUSUAL NATURE  
OF THIS CASE, I MOVE WE  
CONSIDER FIRST,  
THE VALUE OF  
THE SPIRIT  
TO US..



GENTLEMEN, MAY  
I INTERRUPT? I BELIEVE  
YOUR TRUSTED ATTENDANT  
OVER HERE IS A FOREIGN  
SPY... READ THIS PAPER  
HE DROPPED!



JOVE!  
HE'S  
RIGHT!

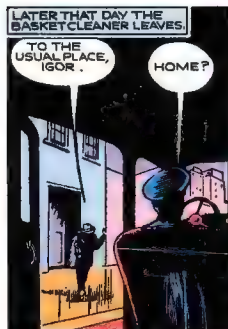


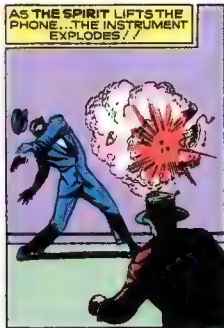
THAT SETTLES IT!  
GENTLEMEN, I VOTE WE  
MAKE THE SPIRIT  
CONFIDENTIAL AGENT-  
AT-LARGE FOR MILITARY  
ESPIONAGE... WE WILL  
OPEN ALL AGENCIES  
OF COOPERATION  
FOR HIS USE.



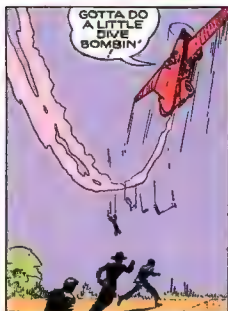
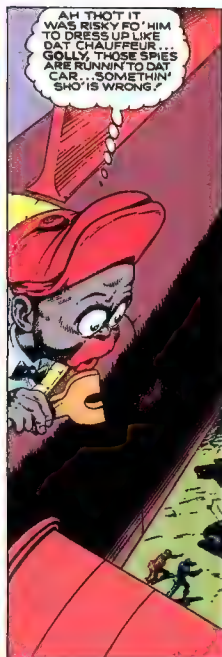
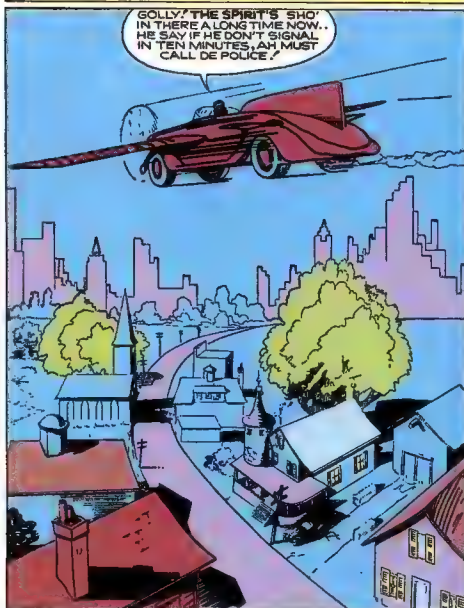


AND THE WORD FLIES  
OVER THE WIRES....  
SPIRIT ASSIGN TO ESP. NAG  
GIVEN EVERY COOPERATION...



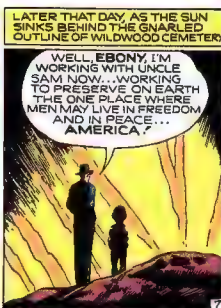
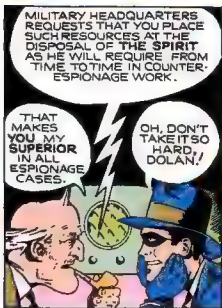
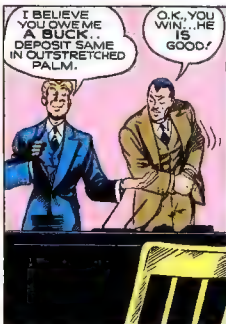
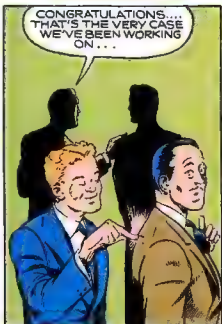
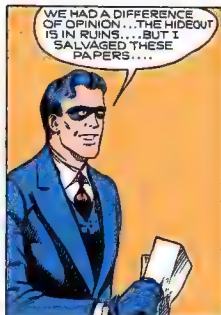
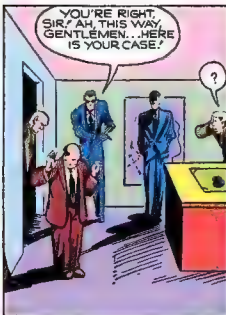
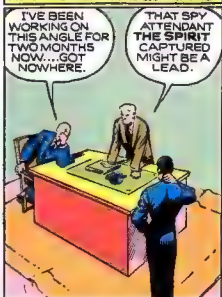


MEANWHILE, OVERHEAD, BANKING IN LAZY CIRCLES, EBONY, WITH CUT MOTORS, SLOWLY BRINGS THE AUTOPLANE HOVERING ABOVE THE LITTLE HIDEOUT INTO WHICH THE SPIRIT DISAPPEARED BUT A SHORT WHILE AGO....





**AT ESPIONAGE HEADQUARTERS...**



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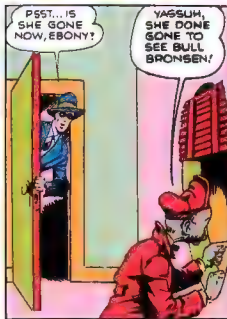
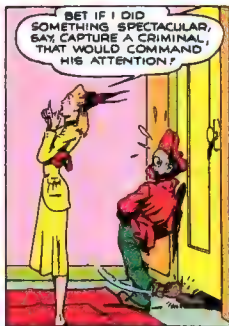
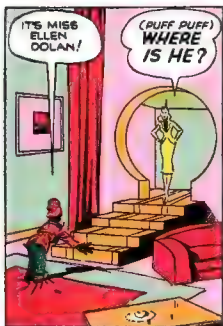
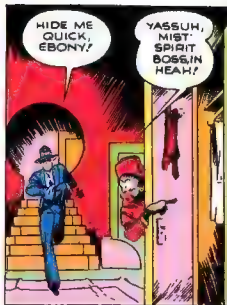
# THE MANLY ART OF SELF DEFENSE

November 3, 1940

**3 COMPLETE  
STORIES**



EVENING HAS THROWN ITS BLACK CLOAK OVER WILLOWOOD CEMETERY. A TALL, FAMILIAR FIGURE SPRINTS MADLY ACROSS THE FORGOTTEN GROUNDS AND DIVES INTO A MOSS COVERED MAUSOLEUM.

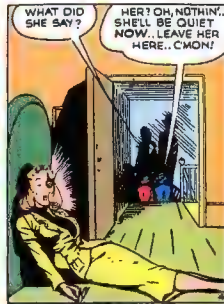
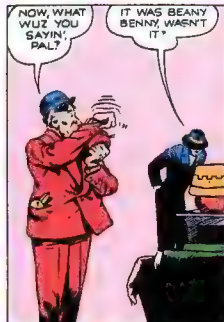
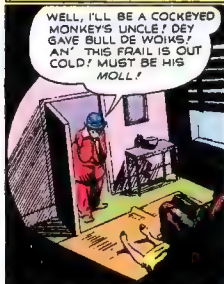




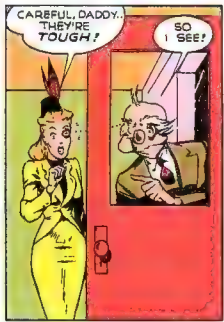
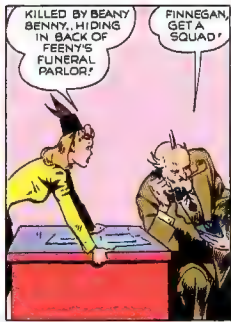
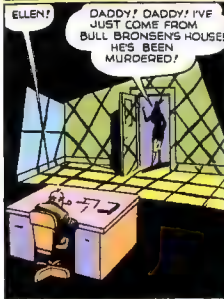
AT BULL BRONGSEN'S HOUSE...



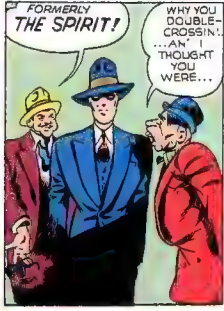
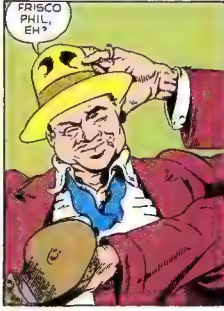
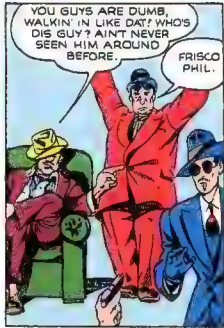
A MOMENT LATER THE DOOR IS THRUST OPEN.



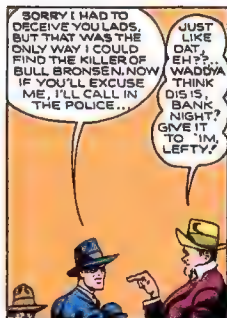
IN COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE.



AT FEENY'S FUNERAL PARLOR.







AT COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE, SOME TIME LATER...

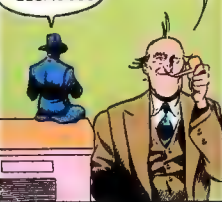
..SO, BY PLAYING GANGSTER FOR AWHILE, I FOUND OUT IT WAS BEANY!

YEAH, AND I'VE SENT A SQUAD DOWN TO CAPTURE THEM!

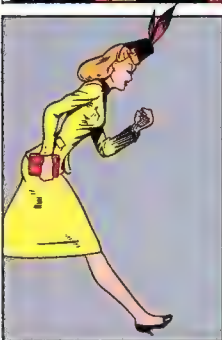
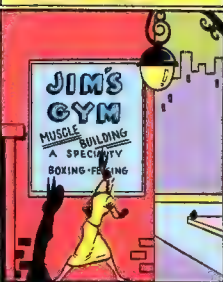


I'M SORRY I HAD TO HIT ELLEN, BUT IF MALONE KNEW SHE WAS YOUR DAUGHTER, HE WOULD HAVE BECOME SUSPICIOUS.

OH, SO THAT'S HOW SHE GOT THAT SHINER!



NOW, LET US SEE WHAT HAS BECOME OF ELLEN...

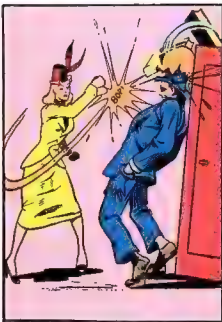


ELLEN!



SPIRIT, KISS ME?

HEY! NOW LOOK HERE, ELLEN, STOP THIS NONSENSE!



BACK IN WILDWOOD...



MIST' SPIRIT BOSS, YO' IS ACTIN' QUEER?

SHE GOT ME, PAL, SHE GOT ME!

**COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION**

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## THE KISS OF DEATH

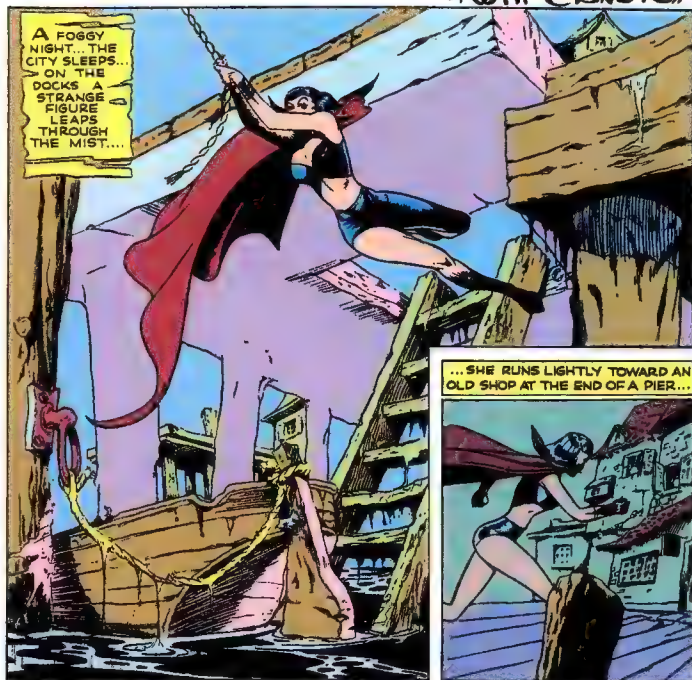
November 10, 1940

**3 COMPLETE  
STORIES**

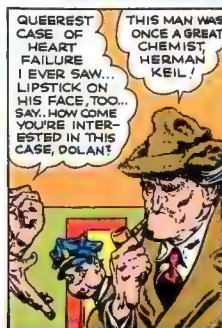
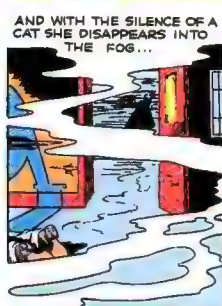
# THE SPIRIT

FROM AN UNDERGROUND  
HIDEAWAY IN  
WILDWOOD  
CEMETERY, DENNY  
COLT, LONG  
BELIEVED DEAD,  
OPERATES AGAINST  
CRIME. AS THE  
SPIRIT HE  
RELENTLESSLY  
FIGHTS INJUSTICE  
AND EVIL.....

by **WILL EISNER**







IN A SECLUDED ROOM, THE BLACK QUEEN CHUCKLES OVER A NEWSPAPER....



STUPID FOOLS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY.. AT THE HOME OF ABNER AMES, WEALTHY JEWELER



BUT, DEAR...

I'M SORRY, MARTHA... I WANT A DIVORCE... I..I'M IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!



AS THE DOOR CLOSES, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STEPS INTO THE ROOM



SHHH.. I AM THE SPIRIT!

WHO ARE YOU?

I'VE HEARD OF YOU... YOU'VE HELPED OTHERS.. PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME.

PERHAPS! BUT FIRST YOU MUST HELP ME. DO YOU KNOW WHO THE OTHER WOMAN IS?



NO. THE ONLY CLUE I HAVE IS THIS CARD ABNER GOT THIS MORNING.



A QUEEN OF SPADES! THE BLACK QUEEN!! THEN SHE KILLED KEIL.. TOOK HIS FORMULA FOR MAKING ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS ... AND IS USING YOUR HUSBAND AS A FENCE!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...

BUT, WHY ARE WE FOLLOWING AMES, CHIEF?

O'ROURKE, YOU'RE THICK! KEIL WAS THE INVENTOR OF A LIQUID THAT WOULD TURN COAL INTO DIAMONDS.. WHO ELSE WOULD KILL HIM, BUT A JEWELER? BESIDES, AMES JUST SOLD A BATCH OF JEWELRY...

I STILL THINK IT'S THE SPIRIT



MEANWHILE

SO, ABNER! IT'S YOU, AT LAST! DID YOU SELL THOSE DIAMONDS?



Y-YES! QUICK, CLOSE THE DOOR.... THE COPS ARE AFTER ME!

WHAT?? COPS?? FOOL!



Y-YOU'RE NOT ANGRY WITH ME?



SUDDENLY...



DON'T KISS HER... IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!

WITH A PANTHER-LIKE LEAP, THE BLACK QUEEN SWINGS TO THE ROOF....



YOU CAUGHT ME ONCE BEFORE, SPIRIT... BUT THIS TIME...

AND SHE IS OFF ACROSS THE WATERFRONT, INTO THE GATHERING DUSK....



AS THE SPIRIT IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW....



HOLD ON, SPIRIT... PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

DOLAN!

YAH! I TOLD YA THE SPIRIT WAS BEHIND ALL THIS!



SHUT UP, FATTY!

THIS LOOKS BAD, SPIRIT... VERY BAD!



LOOK HERE, DOLAN... YOU'RE LETTING THE BLACK QUEEN GET AWAY, BY HOLDING ME HERE!



BLACK QUEEN? I THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD!

LOOK, CHIEF! AMES HAS A POCKETFULL OF DIAMONDS... THAT PROVES HE'S THE KILLER!



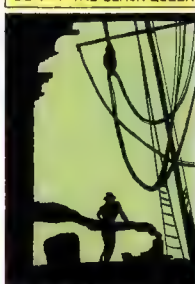
HE'S NOT!! DOLAN, I'LL MAKE A BARGAIN WITH YOU... IF I BRING IN THE REAL KILLER, WITH PROOF... WILL YOU RELEASE AMES?

IT'S A TRICK, CHIEF!!



I'LL TRUST HIM... O.K., SPIRIT! I'LL GIVE YOU 12 HOURS TO DO IT!

A SECOND LATER THE SPIRIT IS AWAY, IN PURSUIT OF THE BLACK QUEEN



THROUGH ALLEYS...



BENEATH DOCKS....

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, SHE'LL BE HIDING HERE. IT WOULD BE EASY FOR HER TO GET DOWN-RIVER AND ESCAPE IN THE FOG!

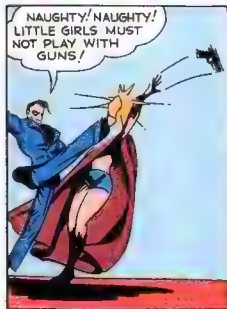


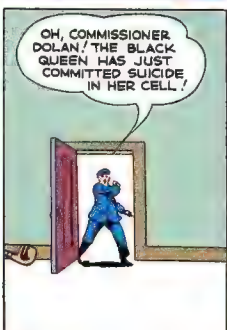
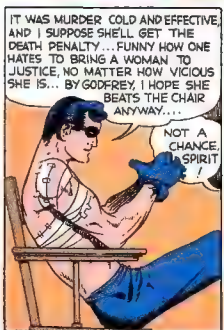
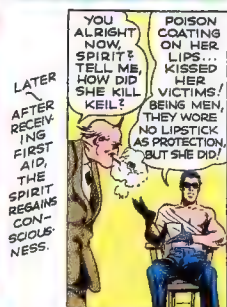
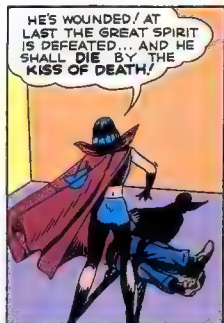




GAINING A MOMENT'S ADVANTAGE, THE BLACK QUEEN HEADS ACROSS THE RIVER IN A POWER BOAT....

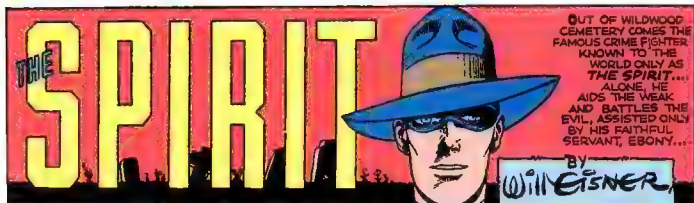




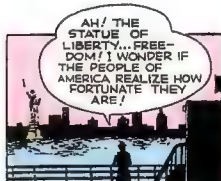




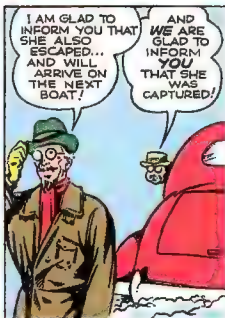
November 17, 1940



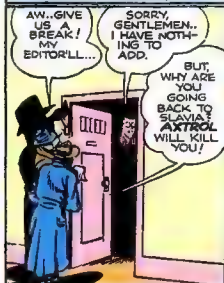
ONE BY ONE, THE EUROPEAN COUNTRIES FALL UNDER THE PLAGUE OF DICTATORSHIP... AND LATEST OF THESE IS SLAVIA, TINY MOUNTAIN STATE. ON BOARD THE REFUGEE SHIP **ACROR** ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR, IS DR. PRINCE VON KALM, DEPOSED PRESIDENT OF ONCE-FREE SLAVIA....



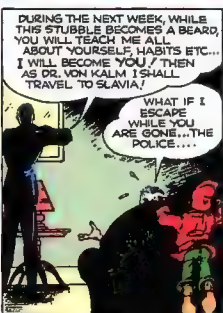
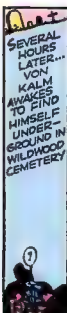
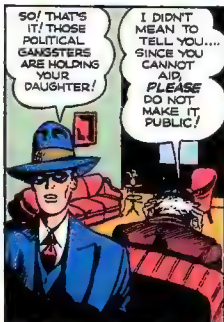
THE BOAT DOCKS, AND THREADING HIS WAY THROUGH THE THRONG, DR. KALM IS SUDDENLY ACCOSTED BY TWO MEN....



AT DR. VON KALM'S APARTMENT,  
THE NEXT MORNING...



SADLY VON KALM SHUTS THE DOOR..  
... BUT AS HE TURNS...



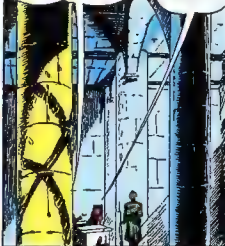
DURING THE SEVERAL WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, THE WORLD HEARS ONLY THAT DR. PRINCE VON KALM HAS RETURNED TO HIS NATIVE LAND

HIGH IN THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS OF SLAVIA, COMPLETE WITH PRIVATE AIRFIELD LIES IGORHAVEN... ANCIENT FORTRESS USED AS A RETREAT BY KARL AXTROL HIMSELF... IT IS SNOWING AS A SMALL PARTY CLIMBS THE STONE STEPS TO THE MAIN HALL...



I HAVE RETURNED OF MY FREE WILL, AXTROL... RELEASE MY DAUGHTER... BRING HER TO ME!

OF COURSE! GUARD! SEND HER IN!



FATHER!

MAGDA MY DEAR!! YOU ARE SAFE NOW! YOU WILL LEAVE FOR AMERICA AT ONCE!

HOW TOUCHING! GUARD! AS SOON AS THEIR TEARS DRY, PLACE THEM IN SEPARATE CELLS!



NO! YOU SAID YOUR WORD AS A STATESMAN... HAVE YOU NO HONOR?

HONOR, MY FRIEND, IS AN INVENTION OF THE WEAK TO KEEP US STRONG MEN FROM GAINING OUR ENDS!



MADLY PROTESTING, VON KALM IS HURLED INTO A DARK DUNGEON...

I WILL LET YOU LIVE... ONLY AS LONG AS YOU WRITE PROPAGANDA FOR ME! THINK IT OVER!



ONCE ALONE, THE PRISONER SETS TO WORK ON A SMALL STONE IN THE WALL.....

IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, THIS SHOULD LEAD TO HER CELL!

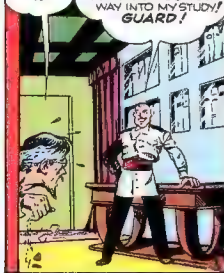


AT LAST... ANOTHER ROOM!



AXTROL !!

HA! HA! HA! HA! THIS IS A GOOD JOKE! YOU HAVE DUG YOUR WAY INTO MY STUDY! GUARD!





BACK IN HIS CELL, HE DAUNTLESSLY  
SETS TO WORK AGAIN....



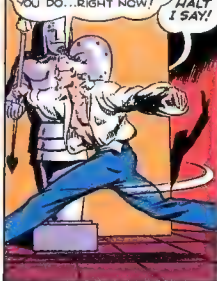
CURSE MY  
LUCK  
FAILED AGAIN!

HEY, YOU!!



EXCUSE ME, PAL.  
I NEED THIS MORE THAN  
YOU DO...RIGHT NOW!

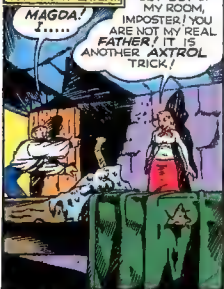
HALT  
I SAY!



A MOMENT LATER...

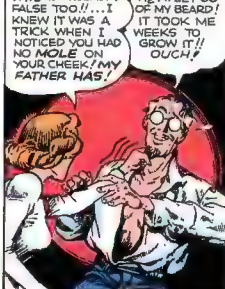
MAGDA!  
I.....

GET OUT OF  
MY ROOM,  
IMPOSTER! YOU  
ARE NOT MY REAL  
FATHER! IT IS  
ANOTHER AXTROL  
TRICK!



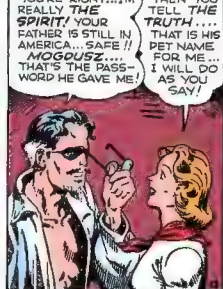
THIS IS PROBABLY  
FALSE TOO!!...I  
KNEW IT WAS A  
TRICK WHEN I  
NOTICED YOU HAD  
NO MOLE ON  
YOUR CHEEK! MY  
FATHER HAS!

HEY!! LET GO  
OF MY BEARD!  
IT TOOK ME  
WEEKS TO  
GROW IT!!  
OUCH!

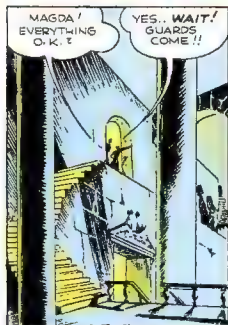
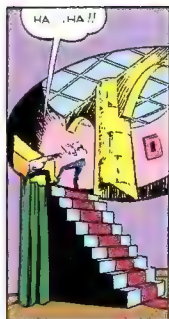


YOU'RE RIGHT...I'M  
REALLY THE  
SPIRIT! YOUR  
FATHER IS STILL IN  
AMERICA...SAFE!!  
MOGDUSZ...  
THAT'S THE PASS-  
WORD HE GAVE ME!

THEN YOU  
TELL THE  
TRUTH....  
THAT IS HIS  
PET NAME  
FOR ME...  
I WILL DO  
AS YOU  
SAY!

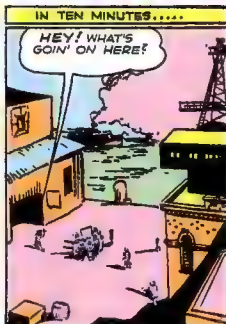
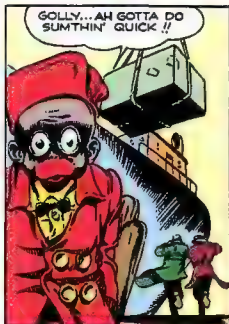
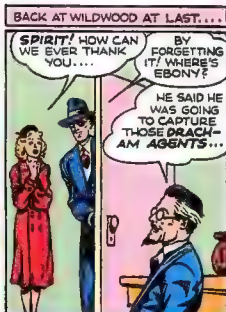
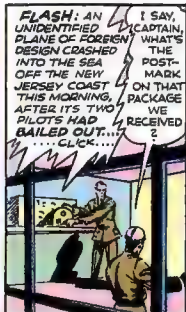








AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS....

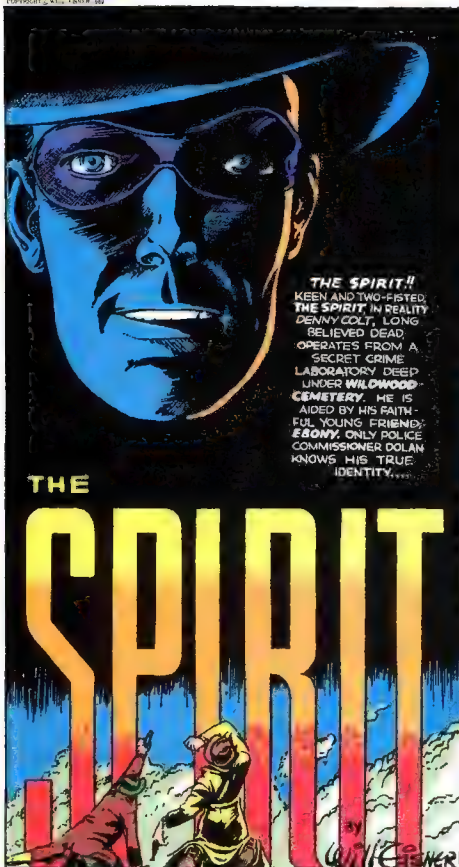


**COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION**

**THE KIDNAPPING OF EBONY**

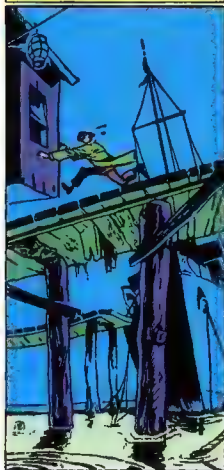
November 24, 1940

**3 COMPLETE  
STORIES**

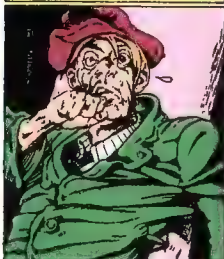


**THE SPIRIT!!**  
KEEN AND TWO-FISTED,  
**THE SPIRIT** IN REALITY  
DENNY COLT, LONG  
BELIEVED DEAD,  
OPERATES FROM A  
SECRET CRIME  
LABORATORY DEEP  
UNDER **WILLOWOOD**  
**CEMETERY**. HE IS  
AIDED BY HIS FAITH-  
FUL YOUNG FRIEND,  
**EBONY**. ONLY POLICE  
COMMISSIONER DOLAN  
KNOWS HIS TRUE  
IDENTITY.

MIDNIGHT...THE STACCATO OF  
RUNNING FEET BREAKS A SILENCE  
WHICH HANGS LIKE A PALL OVER  
THE DESERTED WHARVES THAT  
POINT CROOKEDLY OUT INTO NORTH  
RIVER...A MAN FLEES FOR HIS LIFE...

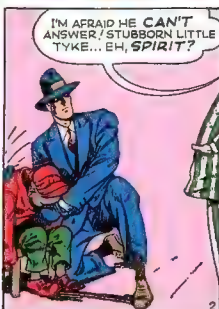
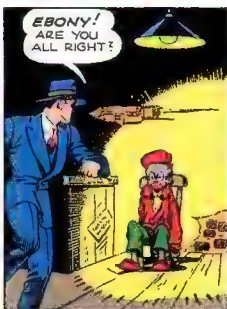
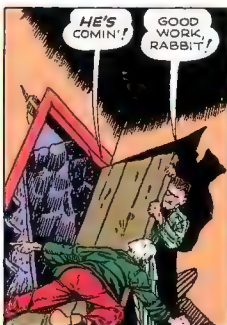
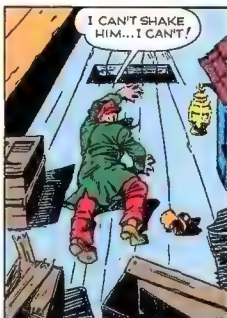


STUMBLING...CRAWLING...STAGGERING,  
HIS FACE TWISTED IN ABJECT FEAR,  
HE MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS A DOCK...

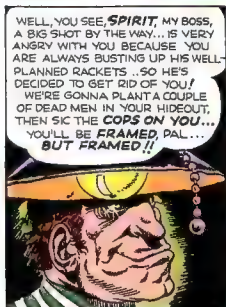
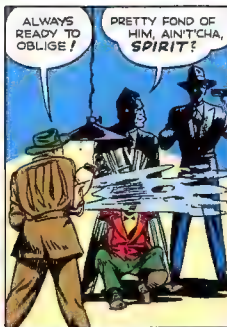
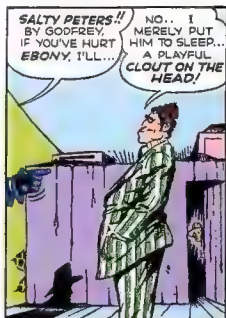




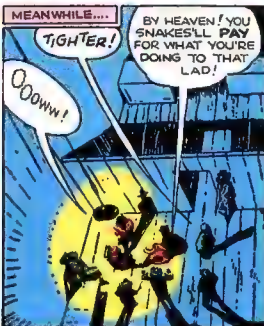
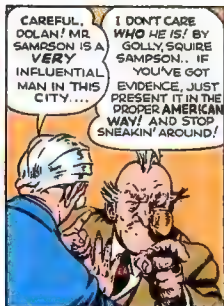
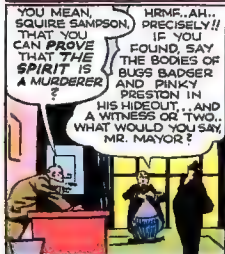
Continued by Rogers and Tribune Syndicate

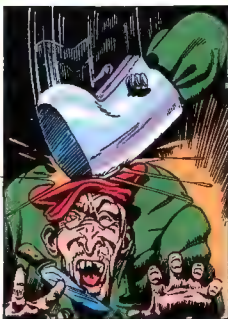
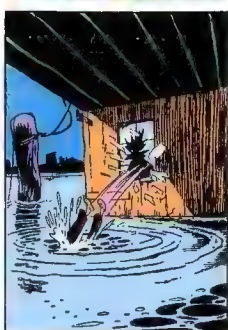
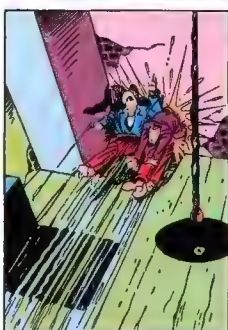




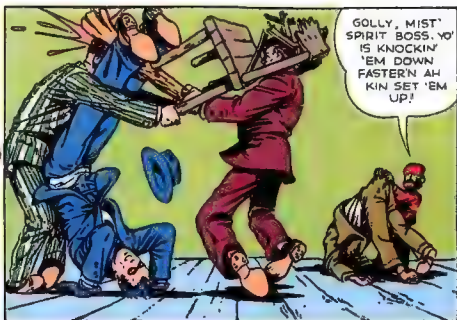


IN THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER  
DOLAN...THE SPIRIT'S SECRET  
FRIEND....





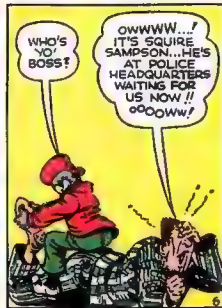
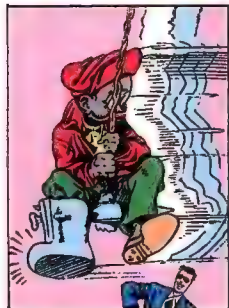


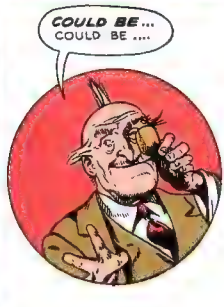
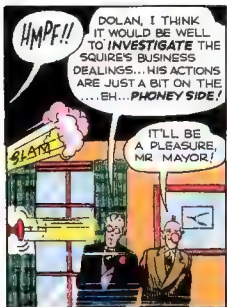
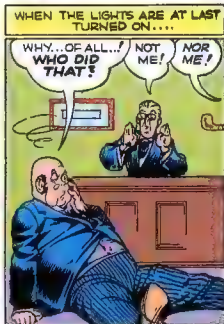
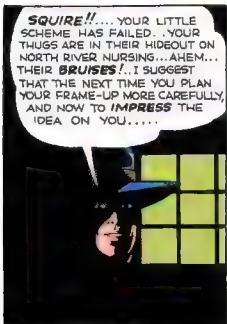
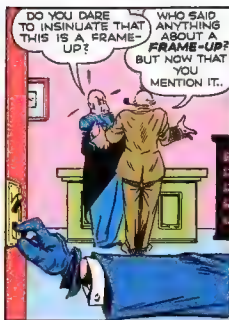
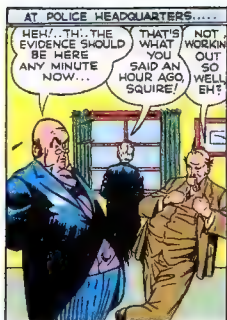


BUT, THE SPIRIT CAUGHT FOR A MOMENT OFF GUARD AND ON THE GROUND, IS AN EASY PREY FOR THE SNEAKING RABBIT...



SUDDENLY SOMETHING FLIES OVER THE HEADS OF THE STRUGGLING MEN....





COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION

# THE PROM

December 1, 1940

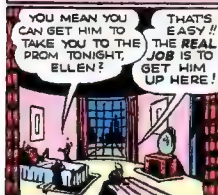
3 COMPLETE  
STORIES



Copyright, 1940, by Everett M. Arnold



THE GIRLS' DORMITORY OF STATE COLLEGE, NORMALLY A BEDLAM OF NOISE, IS TODAY STRANGELY QUIET AS A NUMBER OF SOPHS CROWD AROUND POPULAR ELLEN DOLAN, DAUGHTER OF THE SPIRIT'S SECRET FRIEND...THE COMMISSIONER.....



YOU MEAN YOU CAN GET HIM TO TAKE YOU TO THE PROM TONIGHT, ELLEN?

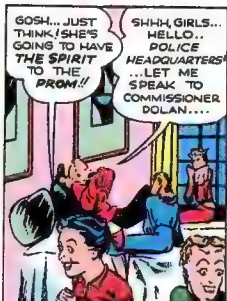
THAT'S EASY!! THE REAL JOB IS TO GET HIM UP HERE!



YOU'RE SPOOFING, ELLEN!

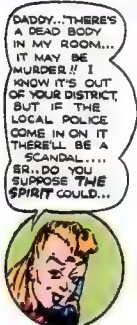
AM I?? WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU! ANYBODY KNOW A MEDICAL STUDENT?

WHY, YES.. MY BOY-FRIEND TED. WHY??



GOSH... JUST THINK! SHE'S GOING TO HAVE THE SPIRIT TO THE PROM!!

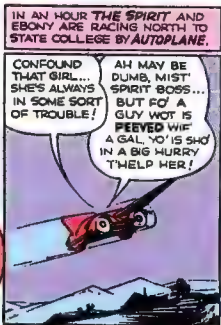
SHHH, GIRLS... HELLO... POLICE HEADQUARTERS... LET ME SPEAK TO COMMISSIONER DOLAN....



DADDY...THERE'S A DEAD BODY IN MY ROOM... IT MAY BE MURDER!! I KNOW IT'S OUT OF YOUR DISTRICT, BUT IF THE LOCAL POLICE COME IN ON IT THERE'LL BE A SCANDAL.... ER...DO YOU SUPPOSE THE SPIRIT COULD...



WHY SURE, ELLEN... I'LL GET THE SPIRIT TO WORK ON IT... NOW, KEEP CALM AND DON'T TOUCH A THING TILL HE GETS THERE!



IN AN HOUR THE SPIRIT AND EBONY ARE RACING NORTH TO STATE COLLEGE BY AUTOPLANE.

CONFOUND THAT GIRL... SHE'S ALWAYS IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE!

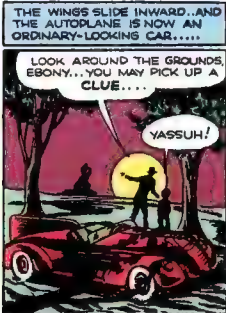
AH MAY BE DUMB, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS... BUT FO' A GUY WOT IS PEEVED WIF A GAL, YO' IS SHO' IN A BIG HURRY T'HELP HER!



NONSENSE, EBONY... IT'S JUST THAT... ER...WELL...I LIKE TO DO THINGS IN A HURRY!



TOWARD EVENING THE AUTO-PLANE DARTS OUT OF THE DARKENING SKY AND WITH CUT MOTOR GLIDES SILENTLY TO A GRACEFUL LANDING IN A SECLUDED CORNER OF THE STATE COLLEGE GROUNDS....



THE WINGS SLIDE INWARD..AND THE AUTOPLANE IS NOW AN ORDINARY-LOOKING CAR.....

LOOK AROUND THE GROUNDS, EBONY...YOU MAY PICK UP A CLUE....

YASSUH!



I HOPE THE KID'S ALL RIGHT...



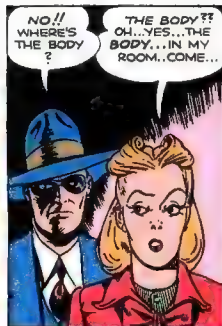
OH, SPIRIT !!  
Y..YOU GOT HERE  
QUICKLY...

ELLEN!!  
IN  
HERE !



NOW, TELL  
ME...WHERE'S  
THE BODY?

THERE'S A  
PROM TONIGHT..  
W..WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO COME ?  
WE CAN SOLVE  
THE CASE  
LATER...



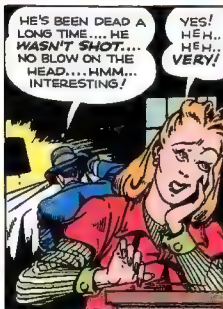
NO !!  
WHERE'S  
THE BODY  
?

THE BODY ??  
OH...YES...THE  
BODY...IN MY  
ROOM..COME...



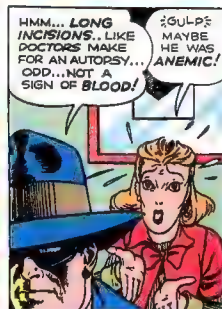
THIS  
IS IT!  
I COVERED  
HIM WITH  
A SHEET ..

WHEW! WHAT A  
MESS...ALL CUT  
UP!



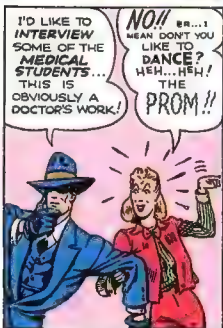
HE'S BEEN DEAD A  
LONG TIME .... HE  
WASN'T SHOT....  
NO BLOW ON THE  
HEAD...HMM...  
INTERESTING!

YES!  
HEH..  
HEH..  
VERY!



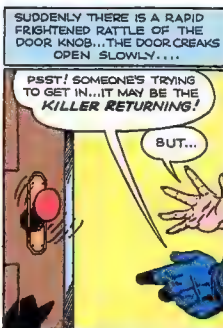
HMM... LONG  
INCISIONS... LIKE  
DOCTORS MAKE  
FOR AN AUTOPSY...  
ODD...NOT A  
SIGN OF BLOOD!

¿GULP¿  
MAYBE  
HE WAS  
ANEMIC!



I'D LIKE TO  
INTERVIEW  
SOME OF THE  
MEDICAL  
STUDENTS...  
THIS IS  
OBVIOUSLY A  
DOCTOR'S WORK!

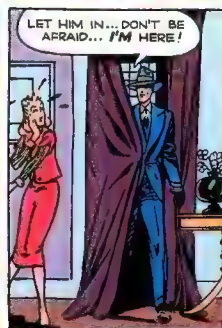
NO!! BR...I  
MEAN..DON'T YOU  
LIKE TO  
DANCE ?  
HEH...HEH!  
THE  
PROM!!



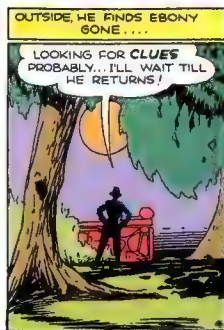
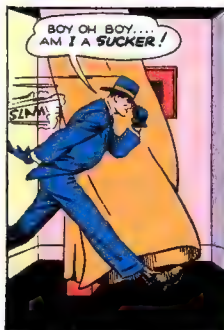
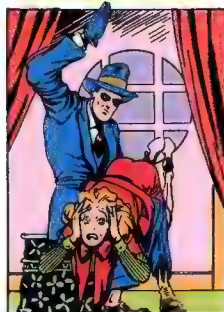
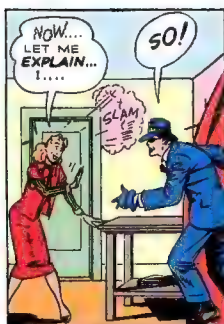
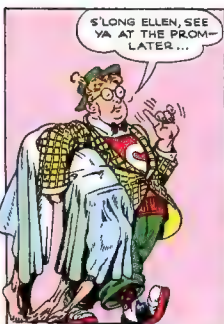
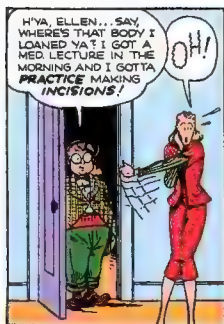
SUDDENLY THERE IS A RAPID  
FRIGHTENED RATTLE OF THE  
DOOR KNOB...THE DOORCREAKS  
OPEN SLOWLY....

PSST! SOMEONE'S TRYING  
TO GET IN...IT MAY BE THE  
KILLER RETURNING!

BUT...

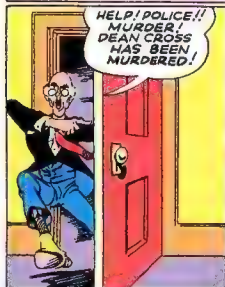


LET HIM IN...DON'T BE  
AFRAID... I'M HERE!

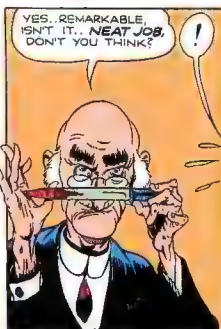
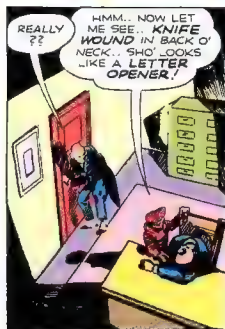


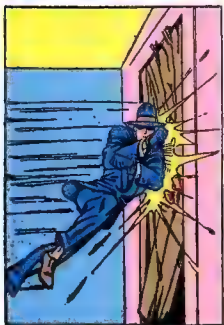
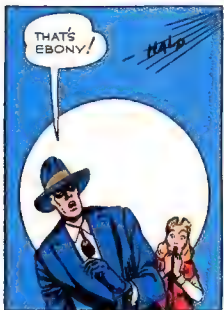
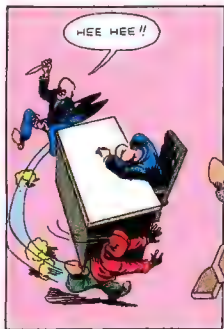


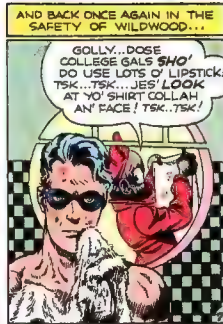
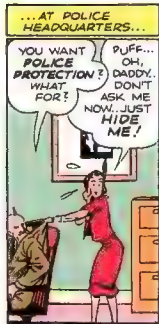
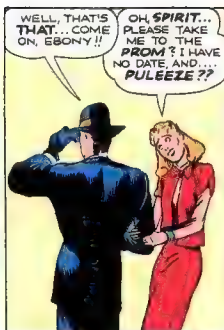
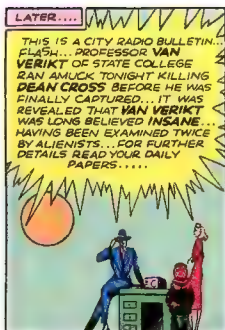
MEANWHILE INSIDE THE BUILDING...  
THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN....



EVERYONE IS AT THE PROM...THE  
BUILDING IS DESERTED....THE  
PROFESSOR RACES DOWN THE  
CORRIDOR....









COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

3 COMPLETE  
STORIES

December 8, 1940



AUTUMN HAS GIVEN WAY TO WINTER... A COLD RAIN THAT POURS STEADILY FROM A MIDNIGHT SKY TURNS THE CROOKED ROAD LEADING UP MYSTERY MOUNTAIN INTO A WINDING RIBBON OF MUD.... AIDED BY ITS POWERFUL HEADLIGHTS WHICH PICK OUT EVERY TREACHEROUS TURN, **THE SPIRIT'S AUTOPLANE** PLOWS UP THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE TOWARD THE SUMMIT WHERE A SOLITARY HOUSE STANDS IN WEATHER-BEATEN MAJESTY AGAINST THE SKY....



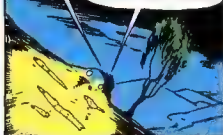
C. CAN'T WE COME UP HEAH IN THE MAWN N'?

NO!!.. NOW, FOR THE LAST TIME I'M TELL-ING YOU, EBONY... WE **MUST FIND SOME TRACE OF MR CLACH'S WILL BEFORE MORNING!**



IF WE DON'T, **NIFTY NICK** THE GAMBLER, WHO TOOK OVER THE MORTGAGE AFTER MR. CLACH DISAPPEARED 10 YEARS AGO, WILL **FORECLOSE** ... AND TURN THE OLD HOUSE INTO A NIGHT-CLUB AND GANG HIDEOUT!

YASSUH. AH KNOWS YO' WANTS TH' STATE **OLD FOLKS HOME** TO GIT IT, BUT MIDNIGHT AIN'T NO PROPER TIME TO SEARCH FO' SECRET PAPERS IN A **HAUNTED HOUSE!**



YES.. COME TO THINK OF IT, THIS **WOULD** MAKE A SWELL OPENING SCENE FOR A HORROR MOVIE... WE SURE HAVE THE **REAL THING!** HA-HA-HA!

HA HA- AH COULD **DIE LAUGHING!!**

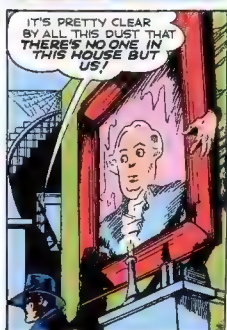
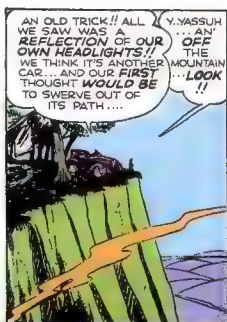
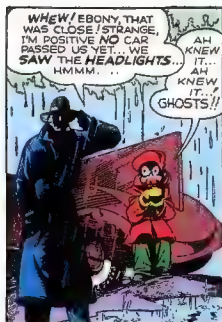


SUDDENLY... JUST BEFORE THE HOUSE TWO HEADLIGHTS RUSH OUT OF THE DARKNESS TO MEET THEM....

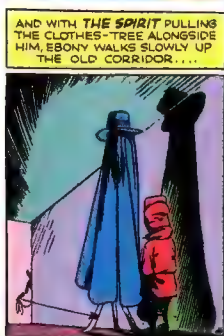
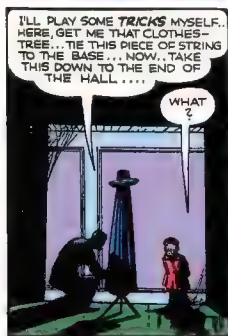
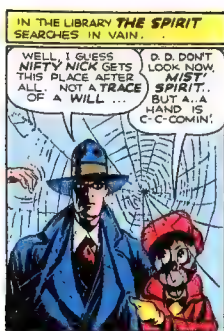


DESPERATELY **THE SPIRIT** SWERVES TO AVOID A CRASH... **RUNNING THE AUTOPLANE INTO A DITCH....**









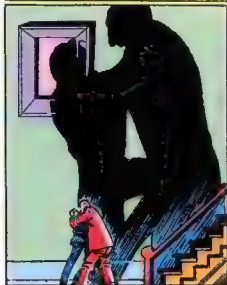
SUDDENLY A SLIDING PANEL OPENS... AND A POWERFUL FIGURE JUMPS UPON **THE SPIRIT'S EFFIGY...**



**THE SPIRIT LEAPS...**



**BUT THE ASSAILANT PROVES TOO STRONG, EVEN FOR THE SPIRIT..**



SUDDENLY...

**SAM!!**



AND THE MAN HALTS ... HE RISES MECHANICALLY...



YOU MUST EXCUSE MY BROTHER... YOU SEE, HE'S NOT... ER... **RIGHT!**

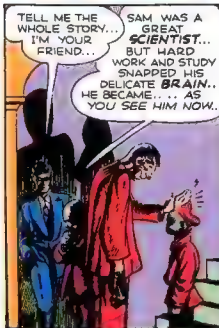
WHY...!! **STEVEN CLACK!.....** I THOUGHT YOU WERE **DEAD... WHY...**

I'VE BEEN LIVING **HERE** THESE TEN YEARS... WITH MY POOR BROTHER **SAM!**



TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY... I'M YOUR FRIEND...

SAM WAS A GREAT **SCIENTIST...** BUT HARD WORK AND STUDY SNAPPED HIS DELICATE **BRAIN..** HE BECAME... AS YOU SEE HIM NOW..



...I COULDN'T BEAR TO HAVE HIM SENT TO A PUBLIC **ASYLUM** ...AND I COULDN'T STAND THE EMBARRASSMENT OF KEEPING HIM WITH ME IN THE CITY... I TOOK HIM HERE, WHERE WE'VE LIVED QUITE HAPPILY AND UNMOLESTED... UNTIL THAT THUG **NIFTY NICK** FORECLOSED.. I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL BECOME OF US WHEN HE TAKES OVER.....

HE CAN'T.. IF YOU APPEAR WITH THE **MONEY..** AND I'LL SUPPLY YOU WITH THAT!

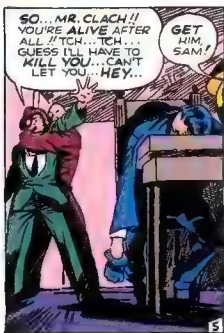
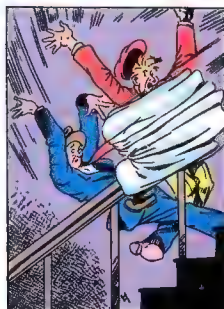
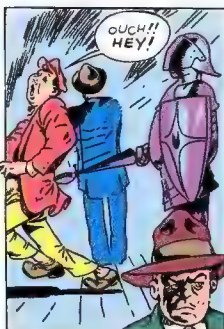
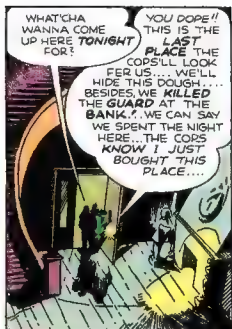


**LOOK!!** HERE COMES **NIFTY** AND SOME OF HIS MEN NOW!!

WE'LL GET RID OF THEM.... **EBONY** HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE A **GHOST?**

YASSUH... BUT AH'M GONNA BE A **AWFUL SCARED GHOST!**







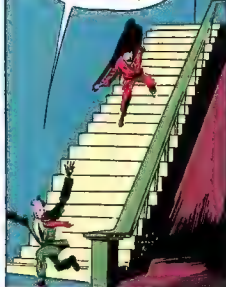
FRIGHTENED, NIFTY BACKS AWAY, PUMPING SHOTS INTO THE ON-COMING WULK.....



BUT SAM DOES NOT FLINCH.



YEEOWWWW!!  
GHOSTS!



TERROR-STRICKEN, NIFTY RACES TO THE CAR...



LOOK OUT!!  
ANOTHER CAR'S  
COMIN' AT US!

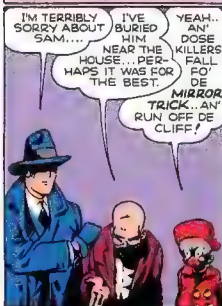


COPS!!

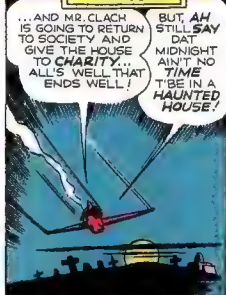
HALF MAD WITH FRIGHT, HE  
SWERVES..HURLING OVER THE  
CLIFF....



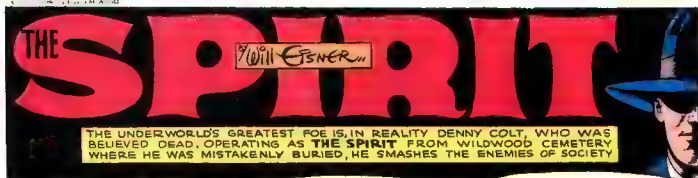
BACK IN THE OLD HOUSE...



AND AS THE DAWN BREAKS OVER  
WILDWOOD....



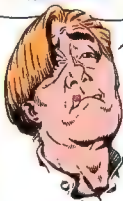
December 15, 1940



I'M JOHNNY  
BEAVER AND I'M  
A TOUGH GUY!!  
TODAY THEY'RE GONNA  
TURN ME LOOSE!!



YEAH...I'VE BEEN UP HERE IN  
STIR (JAIL TO YOU) FOR THREE  
YEARS...WHEN I FIRST CAME IN  
I WAS A GREEN KID...STOLE  
AUTO TIRES...BUT NOW...HA HA..  
I'M WISED UP!..THE OLD GUYS  
UP HERE HAVE TAUGHT ME THE  
ROPES. WHEN I GET OUT I'M  
JOINING UP WITH SLIM PICKENS'  
GANG...SLIM YOU KNOW, IS THE  
BIGGEST GANGSTER IN AMERICA,  
...PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1!!

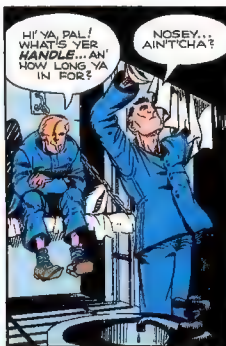


ICE BEAKER IN THE MACHINE  
SHOP SAYS ALL I GOTTA DO IS  
SAY I DONE TIME WITH HIM, AND  
PRESTO...I'M A REGULAR MEM-  
BER OF THE PICKENS GANG!!  
NONE OF THIS GOIN' STRAIGHT  
STUFF FER ME!! YES SIR...YER  
GONNA HEAR ABOUT JOHNNY  
BEAVER SOME DAY!



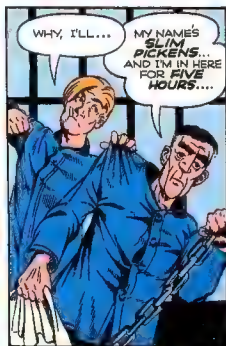
HEY, JOHNNY...MIND  
IF WE BUNK THIS NEW  
GUEST WITH YOU?

NAW,  
TURNKEY...I'M BEIN'  
PAROLED TODAY  
ANYHOW!



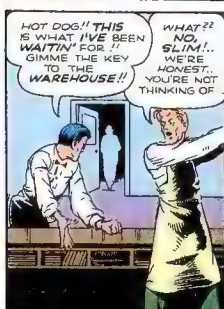
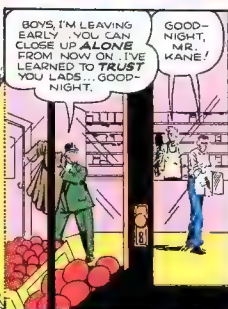
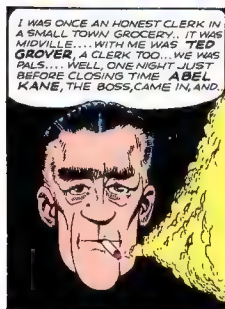
HI' YA, PAL!  
WHAT'S YER  
HANDLE...AN'  
HOW LONG YA  
IN FOR?

NOSEY...  
AIN'TCHA?



WHY, I'LL...

MY NAME'S  
SLIM  
PICKENS...  
AND I'M IN HERE  
FOR FIVE  
HOURS...





WITH A COUPLE OF PALS I MET AT THE LOCAL POOL ROOM, I QUICKLY LOADED A TRUCK WITH THE GROCERIES AND STARTED OUT....



HEY! LOOK OUT, SLIM.... HERE COMES OLD ABEL!!

LENME HANDLE HIM!



WHAT IS THE....  
UMH....



Y...YOU KILLED HIM, SLIM!!

YEAH...TSK...TSK... JACK HANDLES MAKE AN AWFUL MESS! SOON'S WE COLLECT FOR THIS SWAG I'LL BUY ME A GUN!!

...IT WAS THE GUN THAT MADE ME SUCCESSFUL... BOY!... WHAT A GUN IN THE HAND OF A COWARD DOES!!... IT MAKES HIM SMART, BRAVE... EVERYTHING THAT HE REALLY ISN'T!... WELL, TWO MONTHS LATER....



WHO SAYS YOU'RE TAKIN' OVER MY DISTRICT?

THIS GUN AN' ME...SLIM PICKENS!



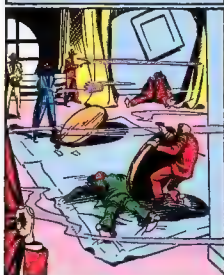
...AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED THERE I WAS... HEAD OF THE BIG TENTH DISTRICT MOB!!



CHEE... YA KILLED HOOLEY!

WERE JOININ' UP WITH YOU, SLIM!

THE REST WAS EASY...WITH A GUN FOR A BRAIN, I BEGAN SMOKING OUT THE OPPOSITION...JUST LIKE THE BIG DICTATORS IN EUROPE DO..



REMEMBER THE HALLOWEEN MASSACRE??... THAT WAS ME!!



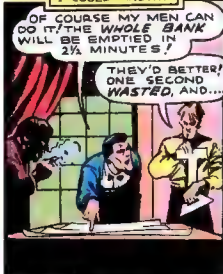
...BY THE END OF A YEAR I HAD MY 100,000 DOLLARS, BUT...



YOU GONNA RETIRE NOW, BOSS?

NO! I WANT MORE...MORE! I'M GOING TO ORGANIZE THE GREATEST MOB IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES!!

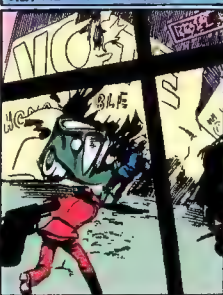
...I HIRED THE BEST CROOKED LAWYERS... PLANNED ROBBERIES WITH THE BEST PHONEY ENGINEERS THAT I COULD FIND...



OF COURSE MY MEN CAN DO IT! THE WHOLE BANK WILL BE EMPTIED IN 2 1/2 MINUTES!

THEY'D BETTER! ONE SECOND WASTED, AND...

...WITH THE AID OF GUNMEN I PUT KEY MEN INTO OFFICE...



...BRIBERY AND TERROR DID THE REST!... I SOON CONTROLLED EVERY POLITICIAN EXCEPT THE MAYOR AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONER...



LOOK HERE, DOLAN... WHY DON'TCHA BE SENSIBLE AND RESIGN? HERE'S A CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

BRIBE. EH???

WHY YOU MISERABLE THUG!!... I'VE SEEN YOUR KIND BEFORE... ROB... CHEAT... KILL... BUT THE HONEST PEOPLE ALWAYS WIN OUT... AND I'M GOING TO BE IN OFFICE TO SEE IT HAPPEN!



HEY, BOSS... DO I?... NO... HE CAN'T DO A THING... MY POLITICIANS WILL BLOCK EVERY MOVE HE MAKES... HAW!! HONEST PEOPLE! WHY, EVERY HONEST SAPI IN TOWN IS SCARED OF ME!



I WAS RIGHT... BUT I FORGOT ABOUT ONE HONEST GUY

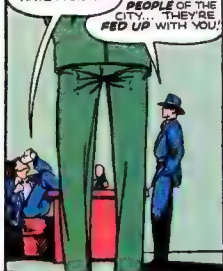
THE SPIRIT!!

HE WALKED INTO MY OFFICE ONE NIGHT. SURE HAD NERVE... 'CAUSE I HAD GUNMEN ALL OVER THE PLACE!



HELLO, SLIM!

WELL, SPIRIT... DECIDED TO JOIN UP WITH ME? HAVE A DRINK!



NO! I'M HERE TO SPEAK FOR THE HONEST PEOPLE OF THE CITY... THEY'RE FED UP WITH YOU!

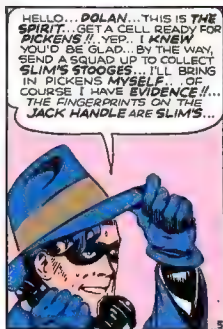
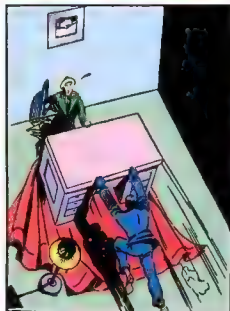
HMM... THIS THE GLASS YOU JUST DRANK FROM? A LITTLE OF THIS CIGARETTE ASH WILL DO... SPRINKLED THUSLY...



HEY! WHAT'S ALL THIS HOKUS POKUS??

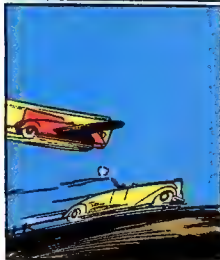
THIS, MY SKINNY NAPOLEON, IS YOUR WATERLOO! YOUR FINGER-PRINTS ARE IDENTICAL WITH THOSE FOUND ON THE JACK HANDLE THAT KILLED ABEL KANE!!







...I WAS OUT ON EAST HIGHWAY THINKING THAT I'D MADE A NICE GETAWAY, WHEN OUT OF THE SKY COMES THE SPIRIT IN A FLYING AUTO I AIN'T EVER SEEN BEFORE.



.. I'M GUN-CRAZY BY THEN SO I OPEN FIRE...



...BUT AT THE SAME TIME I FORGET TO LOOK WHERE I'M GOIN'.....



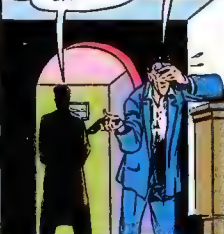
...LUCK WAS WITH ME....I WASN'T HURT, AND AS SOON AS I'M ON MY FEET, I RUN FOR THE NEAREST HOUSE....



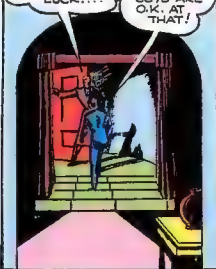
WHY!!! IT'S TED GROVER! IN HIS SWANKY HOUSE!



WHEN YOU KILLED ABEL KANE, HIS STORE WAS LEFT TO ME... BY HARD WORK I BUILT IT UP....



HERE....OUT THIS WAY... YOU MAY HAVE A CHANCE, SLIM.... GOOD LUCK....

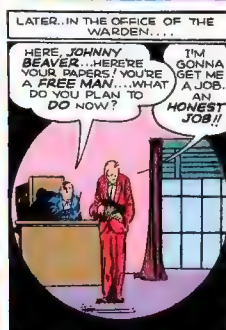
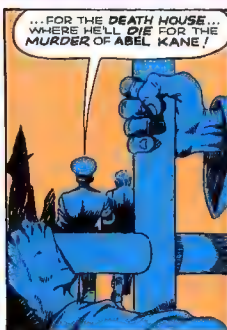
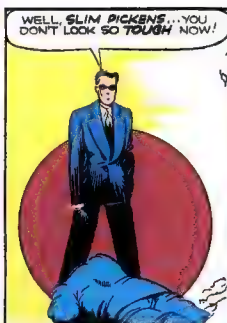


...I LIT OUT ACROSS THE YARD...MY FEET SEEMED LIKE LEAD.....



...SUDDENLY SOMETHING LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN HIT ME....IT WAS THE SPIRIT....





**COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION**

**THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF 1940:  
BLACK HENREY  
AND  
SIMPLE SIMON**

December 22, 1940

**3 COMPLETE  
STORIES**

Copyright, 1940, by Everett M. Arnold

The *WILL ESNER* **Spirit**

**1** IT IS CHRISTMAS  
EVE... WILDWOOD  
CEMETERY SLUMBERS  
UNDER A BLANKET OF  
FRESHLY FALLEN SNOW.



AH LIKE CHRISTMAS  
EVE... EV'YONE IN TOWN  
SHO' LOOK HAPPY... HO  
HUM... AH'M TIRED,  
MIST' SPIRIT!

SO AM I... WE'VE  
HAD A TOUGH DAY  
SHOPPING... GIVING  
GIFTS TO ALL THE  
CHARITY ORGANIZATIONS.  
YAWWWNN....



HA HA... GOLLY, LOTSA PORE  
KIDS GONNA HAVE PRESENTS  
THIS YEAR... THANKS T' THE  
10,000 DOLLARS THAT YO'  
DEPOSITED FO' THEM IN THE  
PAUPERS NATIONAL BANK...

YES.. NOW GET  
TO BED, EBONY...  
IT'S LATE....



LATER...

MIST'  
SPIRIT  
BOSS...

ARE  
YOU  
STILL  
UP  
?!!



YASSUH... AH KEPT THINKIN'  
MIST' SPIRIT BOSS... AIN'T  
YO' GONNA TRY TO CAPTURE  
BLACK HENRY TONIGHT?

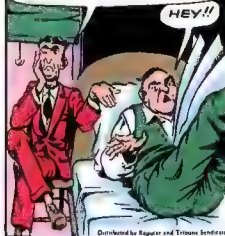
NO! TONIGHT  
ANOTHER SPIRIT  
FIGHTS CRIME AND  
EVIL... THE SPIRIT  
OF CHRISTMAS!!



BUT LET US LOOK IN ON **BLACK HENRY** AND **SIMPLE SIMON** WHO ARE ALSO THINKING OF CHRISTMAS. IN THEIR OWN WAY...

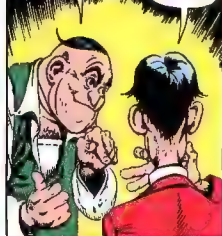


THIS CHRISTMAS SPIRIT STUFF!! PEOPLE LAUGHIN' WHEN THERE AIN'T NO CAUSE... KIDS BELIEVIN' IN SANTY CLAUS!! NO WONDER THERE'S SO MUCH TROUBLE IN THIS WORLD... **TOO MANY KIDS BELIEVE IN SANTY CLAUS!!**



YOU JUST GAVE ME AN IDEA! WE'RE GONNA **ROB THE PAUPERS NATIONAL BANK TONIGHT!!**

TONIGHT? CHRISTMAS EVE? HOW??



SOMEONE DEPOSITED **\$10,000** THERE THIS MORNING.... WE'RE GONNA DRESS UP AS A COUPLE OF **SANTY CLAUSES** AND TAKE OURSELVES A CHRISTMAS PRESENT! HENRY, YOU'RE A GENIUS!!



...THUS... LATER THAT EVENING...



MERRY CHRISTMAS, SANTA!

SAME TO YOUSE...!



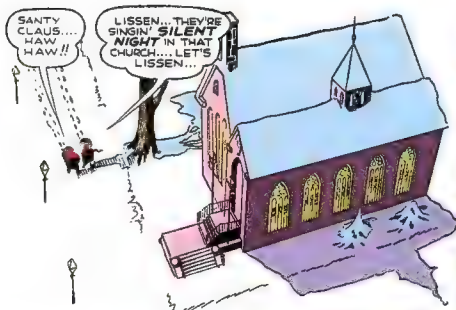
OKAY... COAST IS CLEAR!!

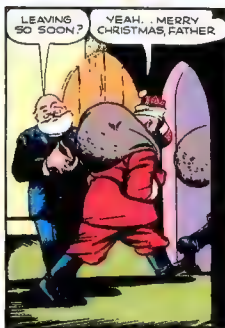
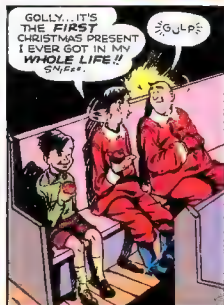
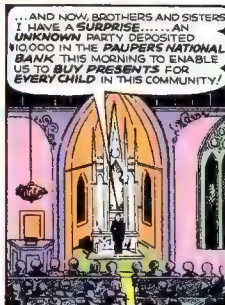
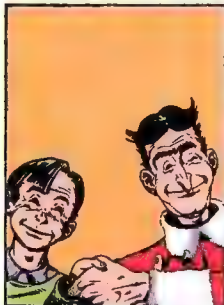
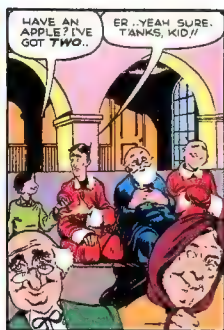
C'MON... LET'S GO.... I GOT TH' WHOLE **TEN GRAND!!**



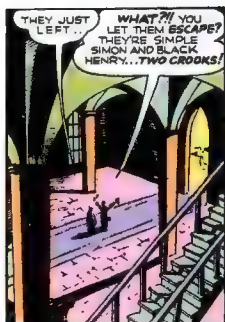
HA HA HA!!! I EVEN MADE 50 CENTS FROM THE SUCKERS THAT PASSED BY WHILE I WAS BEIN' LOOKOUT!











OUTSIDE THE SNOW HAS BEGUN TO FALL... AGAIN THE SOUND OF THE SINGING GROWS FAINTER.....



DID'JA SEE HOW HAPPY THOSE POOR KIDS WERE, HENRY?



WHY, IMAGINE... THEY'RE SO POOR THEY AIN'T EVER HAD CHICKEN!



...AN 'SPITE OF THAT, ONE KID SHARES HIS APPLES WID' ME... AIN'T THAT NICE?

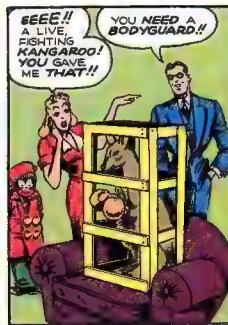
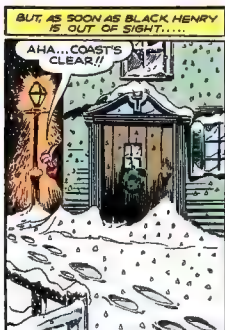


SAY, SIMPLE... YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTY CLAUS, DO YA?



WELL... S'LONG, HENRY... ER... I THINK WE OUGHTA SEPARATE... GET OUTTA TOWN... Y'KNOW...







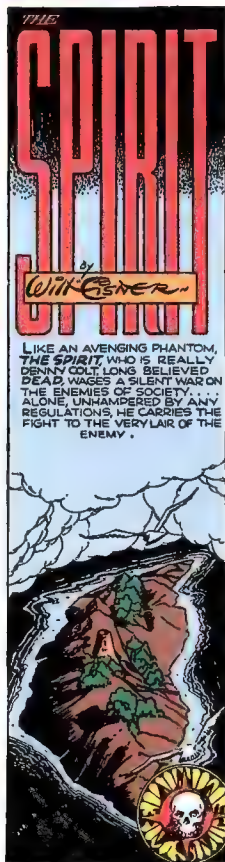
**MERRY  
CHRISTMAS..  
EVERYONE!**



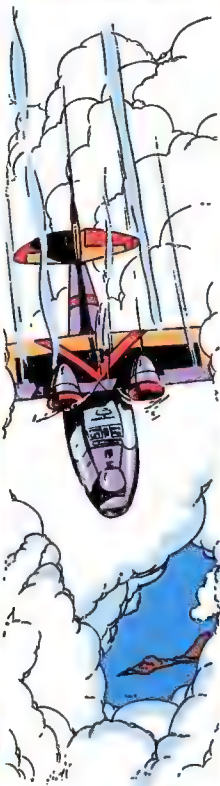
December 29, 1940

**THE SPIRIT**  
by **WILL EISNER**

LIKE AN AVENGING PHANTOM, **THE SPIRIT**, WHO IS REALLY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD, WAGES A SILENT WAR ON THE ENEMIES OF SOCIETY.... ALONE, UNHAMPERED BY ANY REGULATIONS, HE CARRIES THE FIGHT TO THE VERY LAIR OF THE ENEMY.

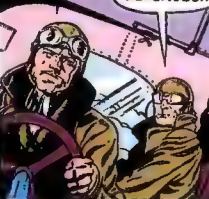


HIGH OVER THE ATLANTIC A SHINING ARMY BOMBER ROARS THROUGH THE CLOUD BANKS THAT SHIFT LUMBEROUSLY BEFORE A QUIET WESTERLY WIND....



IN THE COCKPIT A PUZZLED PILOT POURS HIS HEART OUT TO HIS GLUM NAVIGATOR....

STRANGEST ASSIGNMENT I EVER GOT... TAKIN' SOME MYSTERIOUS LOOKIN' CIVILIAN FOR AN AIRPLANE RIDE!! MAYBE HE'S A BRASS HAT LOOKIN' OVER DEFENSES..



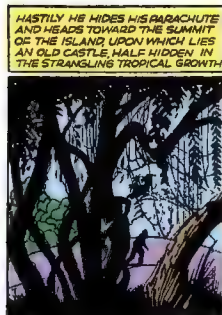
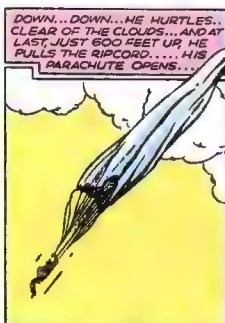
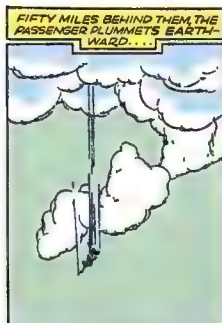
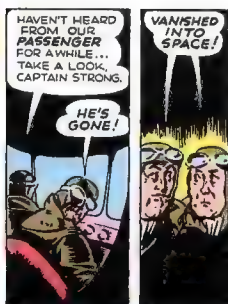
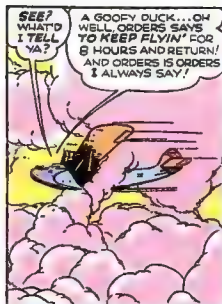
I DON'T THINK SO... WEARS A MASK UNDER HIS FLYING TOGS... KEEPS PORIN' OVER HIS CHARTS AND ASKING OUR ALTITUDE...

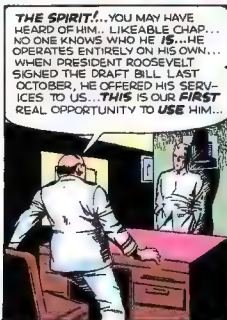
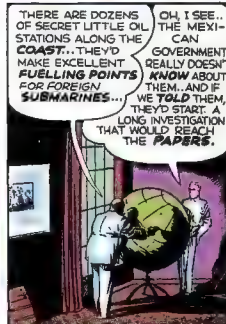
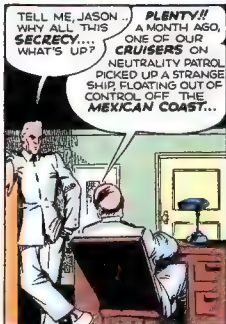
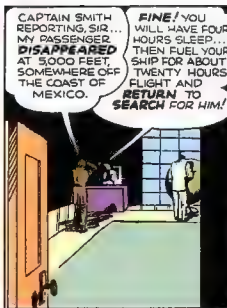


WHAT IS OUR ALTITUDE NOW, PILOT? 5,000, SIR... WIND, 3 MILES PER HOUR...









ON THE ISLAND...THE SPIRIT RE-GAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...



A MOMENT LATER HE POPS OUT OF THE WATER AND A STARTLING SIGHT MEETS HIS EYES...





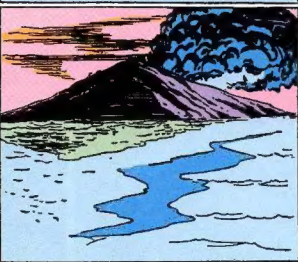
WITH AN IMPROVISED FIRE-BOW, THE SPIRIT BUILDS A BRIGHT BLAZE



USING LONG POWERFUL STROKES, THE SPIRIT SWIMS OUT OF RANGE....



A SUDDEN RUMBLE... AND THE ENTIRE FAKE ISLAND BURSTS INTO FLAME... GIANT POOLS OF BURNING OIL FLOAT ON THE WATER....



A WALL OF FIRE SURROUNDS THE ISLAND AS FRANTIC MEN SEEK IN VAIN TO LAUNCH SMALL BOATS.



ON ONE SIDE OF THE ISLAND, NOT YET REACHED BY THE FLOATING FLAMES, A MAD MOB TRIES TO BOARD A TINY SAIL BOAT... IN THE STRUGGLE THEY KEEP EACH OTHER FROM GETTING ABOARD....



IN THE CENTER OF THE MILLING MASS, FORGOTTEN BY HIS FRANTIC COMRADES, THE LEADER SCREAMS IN TERROR....



SUDDENLY THE LEADER'S TEACHINGS COME TO HIS MIND. MIGHT IS RIGHT... YES... HE WAS A FOOL NOT TO FOLLOW HIS OWN TEACHINGS....



FROM BEHIND COMES NARGOFF WITH A SUB-MACHINE GUN, MOWING DOWN HIS MEN... HE SOON REACHES THE BOAT AND CLIMBS ABOARD....

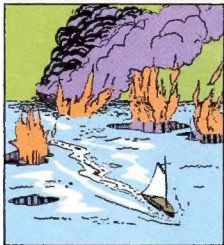


CAST OFF, MAX... CAST OFF!! THE ISLAND IS GOING UNDER!! @!!\$!! @!!\$!! KEEP OFF, YOU DOGS!





MIRACULOUSLY THE SLOOP CLEARS THE ISLAND JUST AS IT SINKS INTO THE SEA, AMID GREAT HISsing COLUMNS OF STEAM....



WHEW.. WE MADE IT!! ALL UP THEM WENT DOWN!

HA..HA..YES..ONLY YOU AND ME ESCAPED, MAX! YOU SEE, DESTINY PROTECTS ME! MIGHT IS RIGHT.. ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE!



YOU'LL HAVE TO BE STRONG! THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH WATER FOR A DAY!

YOU!! IT'S A MIRACLE! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



OH... I WAS WAITING IN THIS BOAT FOR YOU TO GET ABOARD.. I KNEW YOU'D GET ON IN SOME WAY... THERE... I'LL TAKE YOUR PAPERS.... THANK YOU!

Y-YOU DIVIDED THE WATER INTO THREE JUGS?



YES.. ONE FOR EACH OF US! I'LL STAY UP HERE FOR THE REST OF THE VOYAGE.. JUST SO I WON'T BE MURDERED IN MY SLEEP!

NIMBLY THE SPIRIT CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE MAST.



HMM.. NOW LET'S SEE JUST THE THINGS I WANTED.. PLANS FOR INVASION.. FUEL DEPOTS.. LISTS OF FIFTH COLUMNISTS.. AND YOUR BOOK.. THE NEW ORDER... I THINK I'LL READ THROUGH IT.



...HOURS PASS.. THE SALT AIR AND MERCILESS SUN BRING MADDENING THIRST.. MAX GULPS DOWN THE LAST OF HIS SHARE..

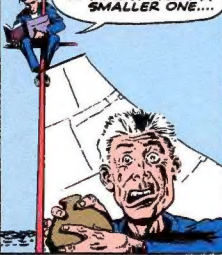


GIF ME YOURS!!

NO... NO!! THAT'S NOT FAIR!



IT IS SO!!... ACCORDING TO YOUR OWN BOOK... IT SAYS... WHEN A COUNTRY WANTS MORE LAND, IT HAS THE RIGHT TO TAKE IT FROM A SMALLER ONE....



ON THE HOT DECK THE MEN LOCK IN MORTAL COMBAT.

NO.. NO! IT'S MINE.. MINE! YAAAAA

GIMME!



AT LAST, THE POWERFUL MAX HAS THE PRECIOUS WATER...



TUT...TUT... BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAID IN YOUR BOOK... RIGHT HERE ON PAGE 217... THE STRONG DESERVE TO LIVE... THE WEAK MUST DIE....



MADNESS STRIKES NARGOFF... HE LUNGES AT MAX....



THE PRECIOUS WATER SPILLS ON THE HOT DECK..



INSTANTLY BOTH MEN FALL HUNGRILY ON THEIR FACES, MADLY TO LAP THE SOOTHING LIQUID.



AND AFTER A BRIEF STRUGGLE THEY TUMBLE INTO THE SEA... TO THE WAITING SHARKS....



AS THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST, A NAVY PLANE ROARS FROM THE SKY...



WITH THE SPIRIT SAFELY ABOARD, THE PLANE CLIMBS SKYWARD...



IT'S FANTASTIC... WE TAKE A GUY FOR AN AIRPLANE RIDE... HE JUST DROPS 5000 FEET INTO THE SEA... 15 HOURS LATER WE PICK HIM UP IN A LITTLE BOAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GULF OF MEXICO, SMILING... AND WITHOUT A SCRATCH... WHY, IF I SAW THIS IN THE MOVIES, I'D GO TO THE BOX OFFICE AND DEMAND MY MONEY BACK!



IN WASHINGTON... SEVERAL DAYS LATER....

